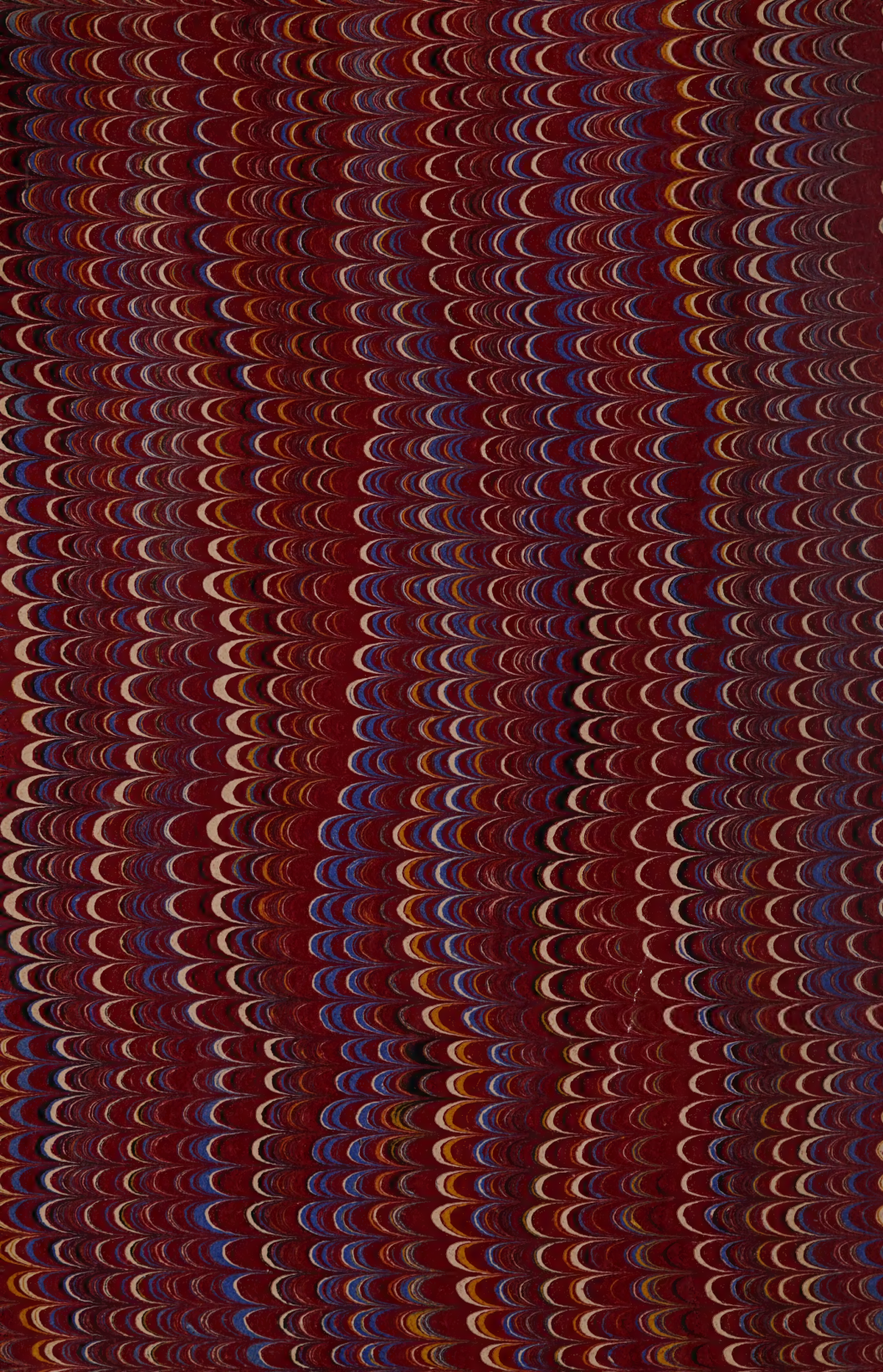






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ST. PATRICK AND THE CELTS.

ST. PATRICK was such a very important factor in the making of Ireland—quite apart from all question of his apostolic mission—that there is deep affection for him in the heart of every Irish Celt. Yet so great is the national tendency to seize on the ludicrous side of things, that even our great Apostle is not infrequently made the topic of jest or pleasantry, a fact which, though not unkindly meant, seems out of harmony with the memory of one who is as noble a type as stands out from the background of any country's history. Perchance we ourselves are somewhat to blame for the false opinion there is abroad concerning Ireland, for though well conscious of how fatally easy it is to sink from the sublime to the ridiculous, we are apt to forget that it is an almost impossible feat to climb from the ridiculous to the sublime.

The Donnybrook Fair type of Irishman who hornpipes through life, the shillalagh in one hand and a flask of "Mountain Dew" in the other, has, by medium of the comic papers and drama, become so traditional as to have almost erased from the world's memory the other side of Irish history, well represented by the majestic figure of St. Patrick, whose emblems are quite as typical of Irish character; the crozier standing for the high idealism of our race, and the shamrock, with its tenacious grip on Irish soil, well illustrating the attachment of the Celt to his country.

There is scarce a hillock or village in Ireland which is not in some way associated with the Saint's name, and, though there has probably been some exaggeration in this matter, I would remind the captious critics who say that it would have taken ten St. Patricks to have covered all the ground mentioned in the Patrician legends, that the Apostle's mission extended over sixty years, and that Ireland is a comparatively small country. Every-

thing Irish is so entwined with the figure of the Apostle that it were a sheer impossibility to imagine an Ireland without St. Patrick. It was no idle promise that was made the Saint when it was said to him that "so long as sea girdeth this isle, so long thy name shall hang in splendor o'er it, like the stars of God."

He is the Dante of Irish literature¹—the first Gaelic MS. being his beautiful hymn which received the name of *Deer's Cry*, from the fact that the lives of the Saint and his companions were saved by the assassins having mistaken this plaintive chant for the cry of deer.

Ireland's history might almost be said to have begun with St. Patrick, for at the close of the fourth century the population of Ireland was only 800,000, and there was scarcely a good-sized village throughout the country; as it has been poetically expressed, forests were the cities of the early Celts.

Our authentic history does begin with St. Patrick, and it is thanks to him that we are enabled even to glance into the glimmering twilight of pre-Christian Ireland, since it was by the introduction of the Latin script² that it became possible to set down in writing the myths and legends of our pagan forefathers. St. Patrick in a prophetic spirit seems in truth to have foreseen that these "would be a rejoicing to countless good people until the end of time."

Regarding the origin and birthplace of St. Patrick a whole literature has accumulated, which well illustrates the truth of Mark Twain's remark, as to the amount of *misinformation* that a conscientious person in pursuit of knowledge can acquire. Considering that one of the earliest historians of St. Patrick writing toward the close of the seventh century, complained of the hopeless obscurity enveloping the Saint's early life, it speaks well for the hopefulness of human nature that, nothing daunted, people still go on guessing.

¹ In connection with this point it is of interest to note that in writing the *Divina Commedia*, Dante borrowed many symbols and ideas from the Legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory. The first written account of this ancient tradition was the story of *Pwain of Saltry* in the middle of the twelfth century, which was immediately translated into other European languages.

² The Latin script was in general use through Europe in the fifth century, though now by a freak of fate it has become peculiar to Ireland.

The nationalities suggested range between the far asunder poles of Irishman and Jew, and no less than fourteen places claim the honor of being the Saint's birthplace. All these theories were, however, swept aside the other day by a twentieth century historian,⁸ who makes the startling statement that St. Patrick was really born in the vicinity of London. Hence we need not be astonished to hear some one style the Apostle a genuine "cockney."

On the other hand, some writers have denied the existence of St. Patrick altogether. Their extremely logical argument is deduced from the fact that, since the Apostle is said to have been born in so many different places, it clearly follows that he was never born anywhere at all. This method of reasoning might have had serious results on the history of the Irish race if the mischievous mania of negation of the past decades had not given way to the white-washing craze, which peculiar form of historical research, if not as constructive as its exponents imagine, is at least non-destructive. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the passage of the previous band of myth-destroyers through the old countries of Europe was, though brief, unfortunately long enough to diminish considerably the world's already impoverished treasure of romance, for these misguided people appeared to be quite unaware that legend is to history what mantling ivy is to ruined battlements—being not alone ornamental but often also that which really holds the crumbling walls together. How much would the history of Switzerland lose in attractiveness for the average reader if Wilhelm Tell's romantic figure were once removed from its pages.

St. Patrick indeed in no way belongs to the half-legendary class of heroes, and all attempts to prove him a myth only fixed him more securely on his pedestal of Irish history. For, though his origin may be obscure, there is, in addition to the Saint's own authentic works (the *Lorica*, or *Deer Cry*, *Confession*, *Epistle to Coroticus*), such overwhelming evidence covering the middle and later periods of his life, that no reasonable person could question the actuality of his mission in Ireland.

The generally accepted chronology of the Saint is: birth, 387 ;

⁸ Mr. Lethaby: *London Before the Conquest*.

missionary advent in Ireland, 432; death, 492 or 493. Dr. Whitley Stokes, however, places the advent in Ireland as early as the year 397, while Dr. Todd puts it as late as 440.

It is of little import to us that St. Patrick was not born in Ireland, and we may well be satisfied with the beautiful legend which tells us how in a far-off land the Saint heard the voice of the Irish calling to him to come and walk once more among them. The appeal was made in tones so eloquent that the Saint left home and kindred to return to the land where he had known only the hardships of slavery; and it thenceforth became the land of his adoption. St. Patrick is indeed the first of all the illustrious band of heroes who, having entered Ireland as strangers, became afterwards more Irish than the Irish themselves. He is proud to style himself "Apostle of the Irish," and henceforward the welfare of the children of Erin is his one thought in life and death.

This spirit is well revealed in the sublime legend which relates how, on Mount Cruachan, St. Patrick demands gifts of such magnitude for his people that at length an angel appears and rebukes him, saying:

The gifts thy soul demands, demand them not,
For they are mighty and immeasurable,
And over-great for granting.

To this warning, however, the Saint replied undaunted:

This Mount Cruachan I will not leave
Alive, till all be granted to the last.

And from Shrovetide till Easter he storms the citadel of Heaven with prayers, unsatisfied, though promised, that Ireland, then known as the Isle of Shades, would soon be known as an island of sanctity and learning, and that the people then lying in darkness would one day shine brightest of all on earth. He still prolongs his vigils and prayers, as if unsatisfied even when assured by the angel that though

. . . Many a race,
Shrivelling in sunshine of its prosperous years,
Shall cease from Faith and, shamed though shameless, sink
Back to its native clay: but over thine

God shall the shadow of His hand extend,
 And through the night of centuries teach to her
 In woe that song which, when the nations wake,
 Shall sound their glad deliverance.

He ceases his pleading only when on Easter-eve he wins at last the promise that on the day of doom he, Patrick, will be told to count his flock upon the right hand of the Judge :

Thus spoke the Lord—
 When they that with me walked
 Sit with me on their everlasting thrones,
 Judging the twelve tribes of mine Israel,
 Thy people thou shalt judge in righteousness.

Content with this assurance, Patrick knelt in gratitude and blest his land of Eire.

All his biographers agree in describing Patrick as a commanding personality, genial, humble, sensitively sympathetic, with great force of character and irresistible determination. His enthusiasm made way for him, and he carried on his spiritual campaign with heroic self-denying devotion and love of men. Thus we find his great charity and goodness of heart frequently alluded to as qualities ever abiding with him; and Fiaec, his contemporary, writes of him that he "was without loftiness or arrogance, *it was much of good he thought.*" His chief reproach to the Druid was, "Thou canst do evil, *but not good;*" and when complaint was made that in his preaching he did not enforce the necessity for almsgiving, Patrick made the noble reply, that "for the sake of charity" he "forbore to preach charity."

Considering the Saint's real character, it seems peculiarly unjust that his name should have been used in the imaginary Ossianic Dialogues to personify a narrow-minded bigot whose feeble replies to the great bard are merely designed to show up the vaunted superiority of the Pagan spirit of tolerance.

In reality it is certain that all interested in Celtic literature owe a special gratitude to St. Patrick on account of the just appreciation he showed of all that was beautiful in the belief prevalent in Ireland at the time of his advent there. Before his time the objects of worship among the Celts were the great works of nature.

—sun, fire, storm, whirlwind and cloud—the idealistic tendency of the people being fostered, as Matthew Arnold points out, by the abstract and severe character of the Druid-worship, appealing to the eye of the mind rather than to that of the body, which, not able to find a resting-place for itself in color or form, pressed on to the impalpable, to the ideal. For this reason it is the forest of trees and forest of rocks, not hewn timber and carved stones, that suited the national ideal and aspiration.

Seeing the need the Celt had of beauty and color, St. Patrick banished only what was inhuman or pernicious and, when he could, grafted the new faith on the old belief. He thus preserved to the Irish race their peculiarly ardent imagination, which is the light that illumines doubting reason, or, as a writer on Celtic temperament has beautifully said :

“Imagination is the moonlight of the soul,
Where reason wanders unbridled 'twixt illusion and reality.”

From the writings of St. Patrick it is quite evident that the Saint himself was acutely sensitive to the ennobling influence of the elements of nature. In the *Deer's Cry* he sings the praises of—

“The light of sun, the brightness of snow,
The splendor of fire, the speed of lightning,
The swiftness of wind, the depths of sea,
The stability of earth and compactness of rock.”

It was, in fact, his appreciative and tolerant spirit that helped to preserve the close union between the Celtic nature and God's visible creation around him, which is so marked a feature of the Irish character. The Celt invariably speaks of Nature with a kind of mystical authority, and Celtic poetry more than that of any other nation merits to be called “the voice of Nature.”

Since the Celtic revival has taken some definite shape on both sides of the Atlantic, due honor is likely to be accorded to the grand figure of our Saint. His statue, though rejected some years ago by the Chicago World's Fair, has been deemed worthy of a place on Tara's historic hill ; and it was proposed that something more commemorative and worthy of the nation which claims

him as its leading hero should be effected in his honor. It seems to me that it is the monument built of language not stone, which lasts the longest, and that the genius of the Irish race should exert itself in the creation of a monument in verse, which, giving due weight and dignity to the serious side of Irish character, can well afford to add the graceful lights of Irish humor, so that everything may be set forth in its proper proportion, as in the character of Ireland's great Apostle, in whom the genial were so beautifully blended with the serious qualities of soul.

After all it is a most lightsome subject; for whilst some of the Patrician legends are sublime, others pathetic, and many fraught with deepest meaning, their chief note is gladness; and it has been well said that though a large tract of Irish history is dark, the time of St. Patrick and the succeeding centuries are Ireland's time of brightness. Whilst therefore we have every reason to combat the unworthy aims of those who consider the Irish character fit for degrading merriment, let us recognize that the buoyant cheerfulness of the Celtic nature—which is a very different thing from the Donnybrook Fair merriment—may be regarded as a most enviable heritage left to Ireland by St. Patrick, of whom the chronicler of his legends charmingly writes :

When Patrick now was old and nigh to death,
Undimmed was still his eye, his tread was strong,
And there was ever laughter in his heart
And music in his laughter.

ANITA MACMAHON.

London, England.

THE POPE AND THE REFORM IN CHURCH MUSIC.¹

POPE PIUS X has not waited long before acting on his words to Dom Perosi: "We are going to have good music in church." May he live long, this lover of the sanctuary, and of the beauty of holiness; and may his kindly face soften those hard hearts that can bring themselves to sing *bravura*, not to say *buffo* boldness before the Blessed Sacrament, with fearsome shriek-

¹ Cf. Pontifical Instruction on Sacred Music, THE DOLPHIN, February, pp. 197 ff.

ings, tremblings, and trills ; their voices upspringing, and suddenly plunging ; while piety wonders, and good taste blushes, and the poor Church lies trampled on by the fierce noise above ; by theatre arias, choruses, and marches ; mocked at then by many an inane drawing-room song, and the sentimentality of domestic and national ditties.

But their day is done for a season—if this voice of Rome can make itself heard, calling for music reform, thorough and immediate, in Catholic churches throughout the world.

From all sides, from all lands, says the Pope, the universal cry for reform has reached our ears. And yet from the largest city and the greatest Catholic centre of the United States, and again from that of Canada, there rise in the press some traitorous or ignorant, or vain self-flattering voices to the effect that we are not to blame, and that the Pope's words apply only to Rome and Italy.

Let us say it out boldly (if we are ready to follow the Pope), that we English-speaking Catholics of the New World have probably, in thus following him, the most troublesome journey to make of any Catholics on earth.

A priest recently preaching in Chicago, when the so-called "Mozart's Twelfth" was performed, had to say to the Catholic people, of "the Gregorian chant in music, which is made to conform with the movement of the priest at the altar, and which is the grand old music of the Church," that "we scarcely know it to-day." And I have known an American student, a church-singer, now a religious, go to Canada to study, and confess that never in his life had he till then heard Mass sung to Plain Chant.

But who is not aware that this chant has been neglected ? The Pope at least acknowledges our fault, and bids us amend, saying : "The ancient traditional chant . . . which the most recent studies of illustrious men have happily restored to its integrity and purity . . . must, therefore, be largely brought back into the functions of public worship ; and everybody must take for certain that an ecclesiastical function loses nothing of its solemnity when it is accompanied by no other music than this ;" and the Pontiff calls his own words "a juridical code of sacred music," to which he wills "the force of law to be given," of which

he imposes "the scrupulous observance upon all." As a priest, writing to the *Tablet*, adds: "It is difficult to see on what ground any part of Christendom could claim exemptions from obedience to it." This priest, by the way, recalled that, in his English seminary, before the days of Pope Pius, both professors and students had mocked, more or less, at studying or caring for the Church's chant. *Mea maxima culpa* is the word for each.

What are Rome's claims? She allows suitable modern music; she prefers the religious and noble style of Palestrina and his followers. But before all, and above all, to the exclusion often of everything else, she insists on Gregorian chant being known, and believes that, when rightly known, it must be loved.

Some ten years ago, Cardinal Sarto, then Patriarch of Venice, wrote, even as he now writes being Pope:

"The pleasure of a depraved taste also rises up in hostility to sacred music; for it cannot be denied that profane music, so easy of comprehension, and so specially full of rhythm, finds favor, in proportion to the want of a true and good musical education, among those who listen to it. Hence we are told that the people like it. . . . But I will observe that this word 'people' is altogether too much abused; the people in reality show themselves to be far more to be relied on, and far more devout, than is generally believed; they appreciate sacred music; and they do *not* cease to frequent the churches in which it is executed. A luminous proof of this was given during the centenary feast in the Basilica of St. Mark, where, for four whole days, sacred music, in the strictest sense, consisting of Gregorian and polyphonic chant, was executed. There the people assisted with enthusiasm and devotion; and not only the illustrious prelates who graced the feast by their presence, but composers and distinguished admirers of profane music did not hesitate to praise and to make public in the papers their admiration for the sublime harmonies of the ecclesiastical chant, holy and artistic, and of a nature calculated to raise us above the miseries of this earth, and give us a foretaste of the beauties of the songs of heaven."

Now, where in the wide world are Catholics more ignorant of their great inheritance in this noble chant, than among ourselves on this continent? Where are laity more indifferent and so far

anti-Catholic in spirit; and where are some clergy more at the mercy of the cheap musical trash they tolerate or patronize; about which they seem incapable of forming a judgment in accordance with historical knowledge and artistic taste? The French clergy in Canada have preserved Catholic tradition; albeit they often give the worst of nonsense as supplement to the Plain Chant, the preservation of which is always to their praise. But so submissive are the English-speaking clergy to the fashions of half-educated and artistically wholly uncultured flocks, that when two churches, French and English, are side by side, the English will omit the whole *Proprium Missae*, and sing wretched songs for Introit and Offertory, in defiance of the French over the way, and in defiance of Rome. Then we have the face to talk slightly of France; where one might go to Mass all the days of one's life, even in a village, and never miss hearing the *Proper* of the Mass; while cathedral worshippers amongst ourselves have never heard it.

This may seem strong speaking. But the Pope's words are full of indignation and reproach. He recalls the repeated orders from Rome, "the authoritative injunctions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites,"—as, when Bishop, he had acknowledged them to be—and he notes the reprehensible failure, throughout years, to put them into practice. "Passion," he says, "has to do with this;" and if not passion, "shameful ignorance."

Therefore he writes a special letter to the Cardinal Vicar, Cardinal Respighi, and charges him to act without delay, and to carry out Rome's wish; this time fully, allowing no claims for half measures, or for putting off. Where there's a will there's a way, the Pope says—in more papal style, but in a style unusually popular, and with attention to even minute details.

Pope Leo XIII had urged attention to the traditional music of the Church. The Papal Commission on Church Music appointed by him invited all to make strenuous efforts toward introducing the traditional Roman chant into our churches. And he himself wrote an Apostolic Letter to the Abbot of Solesmes, saying: "The Gregorian melodies were composed with the greatest skill and wisdom so as to interpret the sense of the words. They contain, if only they are properly rendered, great force, a marvellous

blend of sweetness and solemnity, and a power, as they touch the soul of the listener, to awake within him devout aspirations, and to nourish helpful thoughts." In Pope Leo's day, the Congregations directed canonical penalties against those who in their churches permitted unfit and forbidden music to be sung, and the Mass to be mutilated. Truly, Blessed Thomas More is still justified: "I could not well devise better provisions than are by the laws of the Church provided already, *if they were as well kept as they be well provided.*" "Passion" and "ignorance" are in the way. In the United States, the Archbishop of Cincinnati has gone so far as to say: "Wilfully to mutilate or alter the sacred liturgy is a sin, and often a mortal sin. How far we may be excused for having hitherto suffered inadvertently such alterations to be made in our churches is for God to judge. But now . . . it would certainly be a sin, mortal or venial, as the case might be, to make use any more of these mutilated compositions." "O venerable priests, let us not make ourselves guilty of this great sacrilege," were the Patriarch of Venice's words.

In the Archdiocese of Cincinnati a commission was formed whose task it was to judge of and select the music to be produced in the churches. Elsewhere, too, this was done. The new Bishop of Salford (Manchester, England), the learned Doctor Casartelli, has already issued a pastoral on this subject. It breathes the spirit of the new Pope's subsequent words, for it was written, as it appears, after consultation with Pope Pius: "His Holiness is credited with an intention to prosecute with vigor, at no distant date, the much needed reform of sacred music. This will be a day for which many, both clergy and laity, have long been anxiously looking."² The "signs of the times" seem

² Bishop Casartelli's advent is a wished-for blessing in his own diocese, if we may judge by the following criticism: "How much need exists for improvement in the music of the northern diocese may be gathered from the programme carried out at the Salford cathedral, in the presence of two bishops, on a Sunday in last December. 'Kalliwoda's Mass was rendered with exquisite taste and precision,' the names of the soloists being duly published; Abt's 'Ave Maria' was 'the Offertory piece.' In the evening there was (*sic*) grand choral devotions, Mr. ——— singing Ros-sini's 'Cujus Animam' (*sic*) with fine effect. The choir also sang Fleming's 'O Salutaris' (a trio) and 'Date Solitum' (*sic*) by M. Costa (instead of the Litany), in which there was a bass solo.' Thus the *Catholic Times*, the faithful reporter of these ecclesiastical entertainments."

really to indicate that ecclesiastical musical reform will be one of the chief features of the early twentieth century, just as the ecclesiastical architectural reform was of the early and middle nineteenth. Thus he, too, one of Pius X's first bishops, says that the cry for reform is sounding on all sides. Will many Catholics here be "passionate" enough, or remain "shamefully ignorant" enough, to go on saying that "we have not sinned"—in which we shall be simply "liars," to use the plain language of the Apostle of love.

However, to continue the English confession:—"It is a matter of general comment and regret that so much of our Church music is still of a theatrical style, unworthy of the house of God. High Mass and Benediction, especially on great feast days, are too often turned into little better than concerts, where people 'go to hear the music,' and (as they admit) find it impossible to pray."

What does the Bishop mention in detail?

(a) "Unmeaning repetition of the words of the sacred liturgy; which is surely a serious violation of both the respect due to these

And to judge by a further extract from *Catholic Book Notes*, the organ of the English Catholic Truth Society, there is a noble work for a new bishop nearer home: "The *New World* for March 29th contained programmes of the music to be sung on Easter Sunday in sixteen churches of the Archdiocese of Chicago. In most cases the names of the performers are set forth at length; and in no instance does the 'Victimæ Paschali' (which according to the Rubrics ought not to be omitted) appear in the programme. Instead of what is given by the Church for the 'Gradual' we have these 'pretty' pieces supplied: at St. Agnes's it is 'Easter Lilies'; at St. Charles's, 'Evening Star,' by Wagner; at Holy Family, violin solo; at St. Vincent's, Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus'; at St. Malachy's, High Mass is preceded by 'Overture, Spring's Awakening, G. Saint-George,' and concludes with 'March, Invincible Eagle, Sousa'; at St. Vincent's, 'Song of Triumph, Bremer (first time in America)' comes at the end of Mass. At the Offertory, St. Michael's gives 'Emitte Spiritum (7 parts), Schutky'; at Our Lady of Sorrows, 'Alma Virgo, Hummel,' which was also sung at Corpus Christi by 'Mrs. ———, with full chorus'; at Our Lady of Lourdes, 'Judex, from Mors et Vita, Gounod.' At St. Finbar's 'one of the chief features is the 'Ave Maria' composed by Miss ———, which will be sung for the first time in public by Mrs. ———, the mother of the youthful composer. It will also be sung in one of the churches of Montreal, a copy having been forwarded, by special request of the organist there, addressed to the Reverend Pastor of St. Finbar's.' Let us hope," adds the not unjustly contemptuous European Catholic, "that no American trust will take in hand the music of the churches in this country [England]: it is bad enough as it is, but clearly not as bad as it might be."

sublime utterances and the obedience due to the decrees of the Church.”³

(b) “The length of many Masses.”

(c) “We direct that, on all occasions when we are invited to assist at High Mass or Benediction in any church of the diocese, a programme of the music shall be submitted to us one week beforehand, and that no music shall be rendered in our presence of which we disapprove. In order to guide us in these matters, we have appointed a small committee of experts, clergy and laity, to whom we shall refer from time to time.”

(d) “We warmly applaud the excellent custom, which has several times been tried with success, of training the boys of our elementary schools to sing simple Gregorian Masses, when full male choirs are not available. It is astonishing how excellently such school-boys’ choirs can be trained to sing the divine liturgy. And what is more, a constant supply of fresh young voices is available year by year and at little or no cost.”

How closely these regulations coincide with the Pope’s directions we shall see. They have the true Catholic and Roman sound. The Prelate thus inspired of Rome, goes on:

“We need only refer to the decrees of Synods, Provincial and Diocesan, as well as to the decisions of Roman Congregations, forbidding female solos, and the advertising of the names of soloists and other singers and performers; all of which decrees are in full vigor. We also strongly deprecate the reports so frequently seen in our newspapers of Masses and other liturgical services, which read too often like critiques of concerts.”

Here is a Westminster decree for all England: “Rectors of churches should not themselves publish in the papers, nor allow anyone else to do so, accounts savoring of the theatre, and criticisms as to the ability and style of the singers, just as is the practice in connection with the stage.”⁴ Anent which, a Canadian paper, with a priest editor, adds: “Another abuse that obtains in some places

³ Cardinal Sarto’s “thousand repetitions of ‘Credo’; often with the danger of making the singer, who should be making a profession of faith, utter the most appalling blunders, and the most frightful heresies.” “Genitum non factum; factum non genitum,” a venerable Canadian Jesuit testifies to have heard in his country.

⁴ Fourth Provincial Synod of Westminster, On Church Music.

in Canada is the publishing of the musical programme to be rendered on certain festivals. As a result, we have our churches thronged with a nondescript gathering—Catholics and non-Catholics—who do not (and we write from personal observation) manifest an extraordinary amount of devotion. They appear to think they are assisting at some kind of a performance, and that the proper and only thing to do is to listen to, and at times comment on, the efforts of the musicians."

Perhaps, if we added that the letter and the spirit of Pope Pius go further even than his Bishop in these respects, we could understand some reluctance on the part of our papers to publish their own shame—for it is nothing else—when we remember those scandalous advertisements before every festival, and the vulgar accounts of our holy but travestied services.

One would think that the Bishop's appeal will surely find an echo among intelligent Catholics: "We earnestly exhort all the clergy and laity to join with us in an attempt to reform these abuses, by introducing simple, devotional Masses, which shall aid piety instead of distracting it, and which have little or no repetition, and are distinguished by brevity."⁵

⁵ "In order to commence some such reform without any too drastic measures," the Bishop intimates that he has requested his advisory committee on sacred music to furnish him from time to time with the results of their deliberation, so that each month, if possible, *The Harvest* may publish instalments for the guidance of choirs in the happy diocese of Salford. The following is the first list of Masses recommended for performance in church:

A. Masses recommended for performance in church: Gregorian Masses, according to the Solesmes method (by express approval of Pope Pius X). The Masses of Palestrina, Tallis, Byrde, Anerio, Soriano, Orlando Lasso. Sewell's Mass, "St. Philip Neri." Rinck's Mass (Oberhoffer's edition only). Walther's Mass, "St. Charles Borromeo." Seymour's Masses, "St. Bridget" and "In A flat." Perosi's Masses. Singenberger's Masses. Stehle's Mass "Salve Regina." Filke's Masses. Kaim's Mass, "Jesu Redemptor." Terry's Mass, "St. Dominic." Newsham's Masses.

B. Masses generally unsuitable for performance in church: Masses by Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Schubert, Cherubini, Dvorak, Beethoven, Silas, Spohr, Kalliwoda, Schmid, Weber, Niedermeyer, Gounod, Van Bree, Murphy, O.S.B., J. P. Murphy, Farmer, Argent, Short; *except* such as are placed in the Catalogue of the Synod of Dublin as allowed.

C. Masses of the above allowed in the Catalogue of the Dublin Synod: Mozart: Nos. I (*Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus* only); III (*Gloria, Sanctus, Benedictus* only); VII (*Sanctus, Benedictus* only); X (all except *Benedictus*; *Amens* at the end of *Gloria*

"Other Westminster decrees," continues Bishop Casartelli, "remind all, that they who coöperate in the duty of singing are doing the work of clerics, and so should conduct themselves as clerics."⁶

What is to be said then of three paid Protestant singers in a church, as (for instance) a recent Providence Catholic complains? Or of a Protestant organist in Nova Scotia who came up to a visiting priest before Mass, and said, "Please preach after the Communion: for I am free then to go to the Protestant church I belong to." Or, again, of the invitation given to the chance passer-by, of any religion or of none, to come and show off, in solos from our masters' gallery? Pope Pius' letter to us, after a season's study of our ways, would certainly be a striking document. We wonder what effect it will have at a place where we ought to learn, the Catholic Summer School of 1904.

to be shortened, and "allegro moderato" in *Agnus Dei* omitted). *Hummel*: Mass, "St. Stephen" in D. *Schubert*: Mass, "St. Francis" in B flat. *Gounod*: Mass, "Angeli Custodes" (*Amens* at the end of *Gloria*, except last three, to be omitted); "Première Messe des Orphéonistes"; "Messes du Sacré Cœur" (except *Benedictus*); "Messe Jeanne d'Arc" (except prelude); Mass, "St. Cecilia" (*Benedictus* only).

The subjoined advertisement, of this year, may be given as it stands. No one can deny that "the path of obedience is daily made smoother." "Church Music Series." Edited by a Catholic Priest. (The series aims at supplying school and rural church choirs, confraternities, etc., at the cheapest possible rate, with Church music of a simple character, easy of execution, and thoroughly in accord with the precepts laid down by the Holy See regarding Church music.)

No. 1.—*Gregorian Mass for Solemn Feasts*, with "Pange Lingua," and Litany of the Saints for Forty Hours' Adoration, in Staff and Sol-fa Notation. Price, *net* 1d.

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⁶ Bishop Hedley says: "A singer in the Catholic church should be a devout Catholic, earnest and careful in behavior, striving to understand what is sung, and ready to take such pains in learning and preparation, that the laws of the Church may be obeyed, full justice done to the music, and the faithful edified and drawn to God. Singing should never be made an occasion for gratifying vanity or displaying vocal resources."

“Let boys, also, be taught music in the schools ; so that the singing of women in the choirs, especially of those hired for the purpose, may be banished from our churches. And thus by degrees it will be brought about (as is our special desire) that the whole body of the faithful may be heard singing with voices and hearts in unison.”⁷

Concerning which may be quoted remarks on the recent ceremony in Westminster Cathedral when, on December 29th, Archbishop Bourne was enthroned: “Though the space to be filled is almost as great as that of St. Paul’s, the choir of sixteen men and twenty-four boys—sixteen of the boys only were effective, the rest being probationers—gave a good account of itself. The ‘Te Deum,’ was by Anerio, the successor of Palestrina at St. Peter’s, Rome. At the Mass, the music was Palestrina’s ‘Missa Papæ Marcelli.’ It should be added that the Cathedral authorities intend to continue giving the best possible rendering of Gregorian music, and of the writers of the strictly ecclesiastical school. They have set their face against Mass music of an operatic tendency, however good. Consequently, such composers as Haydn, Mozart, Gounod, and so forth, will never be heard at Westminster Cathedral.”

⁷ From this it is clear how opposed to the tradition and practice of the Church is the custom of placing the choir over the principal entrance of the church. But then we must put heads to our truncated churches ; that is, build chancels. Can anything be more deplorable than to see these shapeless buildings, looking, if I may say so, like beheaded fowls. What grace in the Gothic nave and deep chancel ! We hardly know such a thing. In this chancel is the singers’ place. We hardly know the word ; the sanctuary is but an apse with us. Would that every man giving money to build a church, and every bishop authorizing the building, would stipulate that a chancel there must be, at least a quarter the length of the nave, before the beginning of the sanctuary proper ; and that the Pope’s directions to have the singers screened might be made possible by setting up rood screens between nave and choir or chancel, such as Catholic ages used, which things we care no more for than did the reformers that destroyed them.

Would that they stipulated, also, that no church were to have a choir gallery, —“so opposed to the tradition and practice of the Church”—that seat, if not of folly and impiety, yet of unseemliness and of the confidence born from lack of proper knowledge ; nor yet things so frightful as galleries of any sort ; surpassed as they are in hideousness by that invention—of this continent, is it not?—a church with a basement. But without a baptistery, must we not add ? Even without a font, except in the vestry. And without a porch. Without many a thing of ritual significance and use, expressive of the beautiful life of the Church.

And concerning singing in congregations, we quote "Twelfth Day at Church," from "Yule-tide as Once It Was :"⁸ "One feature, however, of the service deserves special consideration, namely, what would now be termed congregational singing. . . . It is painful to think how the multitudes, pouring forth their heart in religious song, have, together with all their glorious demonstrations of faith, passed away. The loud song at church service has been replaced by a disinterested (*sic*) silence, perhaps forever; for the sporadic efforts to restore congregational singing to its former place, proving more or less futile for want of unison, seem to point that way." And then we add that the writer is judging too exclusively by the dumbest of all Catholics, those using English. Consider how the people in France sing Psalms and *Magnificat*, not to say *Gloria* and *Credo*. In Germany, Cologne Cathedral's two thousand of young and old, rich and poor, singing as a congregation, have moved many writers to enthusiastic reports. But everywhere in Germany the Catholic people sing, even as their forefathers, whose tunes Luther used; they have not abandoned their inheritance to the newer religions, uncertain and unsettled, but powerful in their popular appeal through music. "The best thing in our services are the hymns;" as I have heard it said by a Protestant who was influenced by little else. Protestants, in times of anxiety, in trouble, in enthusiasm, in triumph, find many noble hymns, often old Catholic ones, in word and in tunes, by which to express emotions. We assure the writer above quoted that our declarations as to what would be desirable in Catholics is sometimes realized in those without; who, if they came within, would have a sense of loss of something that the Church herself approves. That is a fact, and a sad one. The choice old Christmas carols—how charming and devout they were! But we have given them up.

I was lately in a school for the blind, on a Sunday. Various religions were represented there, and charitable ladies and gentlemen had come to teach,—and to sing; except in the room where the largest class was, that of the Catholics. Certainly, a Catholic institution for the blind would have good singing. Yet here was no ready knowledge of good hymns among these teachers, among

⁸ THE DOLPHIN, January, 1904, p. 8.

these young people. Doubtless some of the hymns used by the others were very bad. But are we not to lead? We do not. If others have bad hymns, as well as good, we have worse, or none.⁹

The Pope, indeed, says the time for appeals has gone by; and that he is going to punish and enforce.

And what does he order and what forbid, in detail; apart from the general order that, from seminary to cathedral and chapel, the Gregorian chant must be the basis of choral worship, must be cultivated and well rendered and understood?

(a) He orders the Proper of the Mass to be sung, or at least recited aloud. *After* the Offertory proper, a short piece of suitable music *may* be sung.

(b) He forbids the priest to be kept waiting. The *Sanctus*, for instance, must be over before the Elevation.

(c) Solos are forbidden, except such as grow out of the choral music and form part of it.

(d) Organ prelude and intermezzos also are forbidden.

(e) No music with reminiscences of the theatre or of the world is to be sung.

(f) Women are not to be in the choir. The soprano and contralto parts are to be taken by boys.

(g) The singers, men of character and piety, should wear the cassock and surplice, and sit screened from the congregation.

(h) Each diocese is to have a commission of experts. They are to pass judgment on any music, before it is sung or played in church.

All this has been said before; and by Roman Congregations, not to say Popes. And Catholic papers have been found to justify much of the ensuing unseemliness; let us rather say, the disobedience. Yet let me again quote one such paper edited by a priest, which frankly acknowledges its former thoughtlessness, or its mistake, by writing as follows: "We must remember that the

⁹ And yet here again, in hymn singing, we may all learn another lesson from the ancients: "Nunquam cantus nimis basse incipiatur, quod est ululare; nec nimis alte, quod est clamare, sed mediate, quod est cantare." It is indeed absurd to see hymns meant necessarily for frequent unison singing, written to E and F. As the *Graduale Romanum* adds, all should be, "ita ut cantores, aut major pars eorum, acumen et gravitatem cantûs attingere possunt."

question of the kind of music to be employed in our churches is settled. The competent authorities have spoken on the matter, and the rules in Papal Briefs and Episcopal Decrees are there for all to read and be guided by. And, consequently, when an individual points to the legislation on this matter and to the half-hearted obedience rendered it, if indeed it is not disregarded altogether, we may well spare him our dispraise and criticism, for he is on very sure ground."

There is the truth that can never be too often repeated to those who would call the Pope's directions one-sided, if they really spoke out their undisciplined hearts. The thing is for them simply to learn, and to unlearn; and to acknowledge that they have lived and spoken with the over-weeningness, or the fatuity, of bad taste and false culture. It was settled, long ago, that they were in the wrong, settled by common sense, by principles of art, and by the laws of the Church, which Pius X blames them so much for disregarding. As the newspaper just mentioned recalls: "A regulation of the Congregation of Rites says: 'Only such vocal music is allowed in the church as is of an earnest, pious character, becoming the house of the Lord and the praise of God, and, being in close connection with the sacred text, is a means of inciting and furthering the devotion of the faithful.'" Well may it ask: "How much of the music we hear complies with this regulation? Does it incite the devotion of the people? Or is it oftentimes, to all seeming, a performance given for the benefit of the organist and the leading singers?"

You are quite wrong, says our Pope, in thinking the faithful are not more pious than is your impiety: they come to the holy church, and really do seek heaven, not the world: and what is more, they will find in me a protector of their souls and a defender against what wearies and disgusts them in the House of God.

The priest we have quoted, wrote before the Pope promised his help; and he lived in "hope to hear a 'Gloria' free from tediousness and insipid repetitions, and that glorious hymn of love and faith, the 'Creed,' not so grievously mishandled as it is at present. We may come to realize that the regulations anent ecclesiastical music were not born from the dreams of an idle

hour, but begotten of wisdom, and of the sense of what is due to a place dedicated to the glory of God, and were meant to be obeyed. Beyond this we can hope for little. Not for our generation the Gregorian chants beloved of Glück and Mozart, the Introits and Graduals prepared by the Church, enable us to enter into the spirit of each festival. Their adoption may safely be numbered among the blessings of the future. But we have a right to demand that singers shall refrain from mutilating sacred words, or from fitting them to music that is frivolous, full of insolent grandeur, noisy, abounding in insipid repetitions, distracting to the congregations and unbecoming to the house of God." But his leader, Pope Pius, will have no such timidity, mere longing, hopelessness or despair. I am going to take up this battle (says the leader of us all, priests and laymen), and I mean to win. The Pope means to insist. But he does not fail to make a fatherly appeal, too, asking all to give him not passive obedience, still less reluctant assent, but rather alacrity in carrying out what truly one may call his holy will. We Catholics cannot live our religious life without public worship. O what happiness, were that worship the heaven in this sadly troublous world that the Church of God wills it to be! How can we bear to treat her as we do, she being who she is? How can we resign ourselves to this weary world dogging our steps even to the altar? Thank God, once more, we have a Pope, again a Father, who threatens in wisdom, but first invites us with justice to obey.

Think of it, that in an *Encyclopædia Britannica* article (Palestrina, p. 179), a Protestant can naïvely, but alas, truthfully, write of our Catholic churches: "The music sung does not form an essential part of the service. In reciting the prescribed form of words with the prescribed ceremonies, the officiating priest fulfils unaided all the necessary conditions of the service while the congregation looks on, and worships, and the choir endeavors to excite its emotion by singing appropriate music."

And that is Catholic Mass worship—at its best, too; for the music is "appropriate," and "endeavors to excite devotion." One knows not whether to cry, or laugh. But the Pope listens, and does neither; is indignant rather, stern, and prepared to adjudge the extreme penalty of outraged law.

The very opposite principle of worship to that expressed there by Mr. Rockstro is our real one. The music is part of the Mass, bound up with it, and strictly dependent on its action. But Pugin might still write: "The service as performed in Catholic chapels"—such as they were in his day—"in general is a perfect mockery of the real thing; and you have no idea the mischief all this does among men of devout minds, who come to our churches expecting solemnity, and finding a mere theatrical exhibition." How sadly, how awfully, true it is! Verily, we know not what we do. "The plain song hymns of the *Vesperale* are nearly all beautiful; the popular hymn music of the churches is nearly all vile; . . . literally worthy of the music-hall; instinct with commonness and vulgarity." So another Protestant writes. Will any truth-telling make us ashamed? For when there is shame there may still be virtue. Thus Mr. Blackburn, writing about us in *The Chord*, allows that there are exceptions; but "as a rule, the art of music is not only neglected, but is disgraced and dishonored. . . . Although the Roman Church possesses in her treasury-chest some of the finest music that has ever entered the brain of man, her average music performance all over the world is deplorably inartistic and vulgar."¹⁰

W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

(To be continued.)

OUR BIBLE CLASS.

AT the next meeting the Professor walked in very demurely. It was Lent. Harry had formulated some questions on the subject of miracles, but when Hertha saw that he was about to propose them, she pulled his sleeve and whispered: "He has had no breakfast,—don't!" She herself had been wanting to ask something about the shade of rose that was to be used for *Laetare* Sunday, and had brought home several samples, as she was quite

¹⁰ Dr. William Barry's priestly words come back to the mind so often: "Perhaps the saddest of all sights in this melancholy world is the mishandling, worse than neglect, of our Catholic treasures, our ceremonies, music, architecture, our philosophies and our devotions, by those who should watch over them as at the gate of Heaven. Reformation is always called for, now as in more scandalous times, and in no slight degree."

eager to make a vestment on strictly liturgical principles. But Uncle Ike had told her that such questions had nothing to do with the Bible class, and that she was likely to get us all into trouble by her talk about "old rose," since it might come to the ears of Rose, our cook, who, whilst she had anything but a meek temper, knew her business and did it so long as she was let alone and no reflections were made on her looks or her age. The lecture opened, on

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE MOSAIC WRITINGS.

We have seen the meeting of Moses with his wife and children near the spot where they had separated when he had left the Midianite country the previous year to return to Egypt, that he might fulfill the command of Yahwe and lead forth his enslaved brethren into the Promised Land of freedom. Zipporah's father, Jethro, the venerable sheik, had joined with Moses and Aaron, and with all the elders of the tribes of Israel, to offer sacrifice to the Most High, and to eat bread as "friends before God."

The further intercourse of Jethro and Moses is exemplified by another episode full of significance. Moses had demonstrated his divine mission to the people whom he was bringing to the Promised Land. So long as they felt their dependence on his guidance and their wants were supplied, they trusted him. But that trust implied also a continuous appeal to him to adjust all their private difficulties and to settle by his arbitration the wrongs which they inflicted one upon the other. In so large a multitude disputes must have been frequent, and though the different camps had no doubt their separate leaders, every one felt that Moses alone possessed an authority which under ordinary circumstances was not to be questioned and which no one among them might venture to supplant. Accordingly he was obliged to sit in judgment day by day in order to decide right and wrong between contending parties.

It appears that Jethro on the morning of his arrival in the camp noticed how the people flocked around the tent of Moses, and how they stood there, "from the morning unto the evening," clamoring to be heard. When the old Midianite chief realized what was being done, he said to his son-in-law, Moses: "What

is this—why sittest thou alone with all the people about thee from morning unto even ?” And Moses answered : “ Because the people come unto me to inquire of God. When they have a matter (strife), they come unto me, and I judge between a man and his neighbor, and I make them know the statutes of God and his laws.” And (Jethro) the father-in-law of Moses said unto him : “ The thing that thou dost is not good. Thou wilt surely wear away, thou and this people that is with thee ; for the thing is too burdensome for thee, and thou art not able for it alone. Harken now unto my voice. I will give thee counsel, and God be with thee—be thou for the people in these things that pertain to God, and *bring thou the cases unto God.*”¹ “And thou shalt teach them the statutes and the laws and *shalt show them the way wherein they must walk* and the work that they must do. But, apart from this thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating unjust gain—and place such over them, to be rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And let them judge the people at all seasons. And every *great* matter they shall bring unto thee, but every *small* matter they shall judge themselves ; and they shall bear the burden with thee. If thou dost this thing—and *may God command thee so*—then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people also shall go to their place in peace.” So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said ; and Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers over thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And they judged the people at all seasons. So it reads in the Sacred Text.²

The incident just related is instructive in two ways. It shows that in his legislation Moses did not rely exclusively upon that gift of inspiration which was accorded to him in so large a measure for the guidance and instruction of his people, as well as in extraordinary difficulties. In the present case the prophet of Israel avails himself of the wise counsel of a chief of the desert whose age and experience had taught him how to rule, although he was not in any sense commissioned to direct the affairs of the Israelites. Nor did Jethro remain with them after Moses had acted upon the

¹ Exod., 18, 19.

² Exod., 1, c.

suggestion of his father-in-law ; for the sacred annalist tells us that immediately after this Jethro went back into his own land.

A fact, however, which is of much more importance to the Biblical student, is the statement in this part of Exodus, that Moses made known to the people the "statutes of God and His laws." We know that the episode of the promulgation of the Ten Commandments did not as yet take place, though it was shortly to be, and precisely in this locality. Moses must then have taught them other statutes which he had derived from his forefathers, and which embodied certain fundamental laws of conduct as well as certain ordinances given to Abraham and his successors by a revelation which had not been written, or, if partially written, had not received the definite sanction of an infallible inspiration such as Moses received when subsequently commissioned to gather and write out these laws.

Furthermore, the fact that Moses not only taught the people special "statutes and laws," but appointed judges, men of truth, to teach, to decide upon, and to carry out these "statutes and laws," establishes a strong presumption that, even at this time, Moses took some means of writing down certain ordinances which were to serve for their guidance. We can hardly imagine that so large a number of persons could have been led to observe a uniform and consistent code of laws, unless these were in some way committed to writing. The necessity as well as the opportunity for preparing such a scheme of written legislation here and now appear to have been at hand ; for the Israelites, having overcome their enemies of the desert, enjoy a comparative peace for nearly a year. During this time they establish an orderly community life ; their obligations to God, to the authority which represents the interests of their nation as the chosen children of promise, and the duties of mutual assistance in the smaller circle of their family, are brought home to them. These obligations are gradually consolidated into a code of laws which, later on, Moses is explicitly commanded to write ; and this writing, completed under the divine inspiration, has come to us in the first books of the Bible which, bearing the name of Moses, are known as the *Pentateuch*.

It is here in the desert, after the Israelites had left Rephidim

and moved a little farther into the fertile plain at the foot of Mount Sinai, that we must date the *recording of the Book of Genesis*, and the main outline of the legislation which follows.

God does all things in order; hence we may justly assume that Moses was directed to lay the basis of his law by unfolding to the Israelites the whole scheme of creation as Moses himself had learnt it from the traditions of his fathers. The *command to write*, the *appointment to record* the divine commandments and precepts of the great Law comes much later. We read of it in the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus (v. 27): "And the Lord said to Moses: Write thee these words by which I have made a covenant both with thee and with Israel." But some time before this, as we have seen, Moses had been bidden to make a record of the victory over the Amalekites. (Exod. 17: 14.) Thus, under the inspiration of God, there developed a system of putting into the form of writing not only the laws and statutes, but the events that gave Israel cause for gratitude, or for reflection upon the duties which it owed to Yahwe, who had put them in the way of a new service, a service of perfect liberty in the land promised to Abraham and his posterity.

But the service of perfect liberty, for which God had selected the people of Israel, was to meet great obstacles in the servile habits of a race which, however noble in its aspirations, had become accustomed to the yoke of a degrading bondage under the Egyptian taskmasters. Long years of slavery leave their brand-mark upon disposition and character, as they do upon the lowered brow, the dragging walk, the whining voice. There are exceptions: but the rule remains, and the habitual strain of burdens that bend the neck begets an attitude of mind and body that requires a gradual counteragent to restore the inborn dignity to its former elevation of the frank countenance, the stately gait of independence and respect, and the sonorous voice and bravely well-bred laugh. Nor does the slave's unworthy state, since man was made to be the lord of all creation, and servant only to his Creator, always humiliate the man, nay it begets frequently a certain love of that which humbles him, and he becomes like the brute which he should rule, attached unto his narrowed sphere. Let the bird, whose native instinct sweeps the horizon-line from

morn to eve, inhabit for some space of time the tenement of a latticed cage; then open wide the bars and give him liberty. He will spread out his pinions, and briefly beat the air as though in joy, then circle round in an unsteady whirl, and soon, forgetful of the destiny that gave him wings, return to his accustomed prison-home.

Thus had the ingrown habit of dependence upon the Egyptian's strong hand, that had long fed and driven Hebrew sons and daughters, destroyed the traits of self-reliance in the latter, and substituted for it a craven sense of servility which is ever the nearest approach to rebelliousness. Make the slave a master, and he will be a tyrant; give him freedom without first training him to use it rightly, and you teach him the license that refuses training.

With such dispositions in the main Moses had to deal. There were others, but they hardly counted in the great mass, although they would strengthen the arms of their chief in counsel, and as executives of his commands. Nor had the divinely appointed leader of the Israelites such power to enforce the rules which he might see fit to lay down for their guidance, as they had been accustomed to yield to. The lash, the chains, the dungeon which had coerced them into submission under the Pharaoh, and which were instruments in the hands of a powerful guard, were neither possible nor desirable under the present circumstances, even if the establishment of peace and order should fail through other means. On several occasions God had indeed given proof of the legitimacy of Moses' claim, and had thus fostered the popular conviction that Yahwe Himself had appointed Moses as their lawful leader. But such convictions have as a rule no lasting effect upon the multitude. They frighten like the lightning and thunder that stir remorse in the heart of the culprit while the storm lasts, but cease when the evidence of heaven's destructive power has passed by. So the miracles wrought through Moses had their strong effects upon the belief of the people in his mission; but the impressions were transient and gave way to passions of a new and absorbing influence, even as our best resolutions vanish often in the face of distractions and temptations.

THE MOSAIC PEDAGOGY.

To call upon the miraculous interference of Yahwe on every occasion when the fickle trust of the Israelites might provoke a breach of order in the camp, would have been as futile as the saint's prayer that God should give the glutton health in order that he might satisfy his selfish lusts. It would have frustrated the very design of God to restore this people to a sense of duty toward Him and through them to bring the Gentiles to a knowledge of the highest ethics that safeguard the nobility of man's origin and destiny. No. The chosen people were not to be upborne by miracles, as though they were privileged creatures to grow in the conceit of their earthly desires; they were rather to be trained to become interpreters of a secret that would transform man back into the splendid likeness of his Creator, endowed with a love which, guided by the light of reason and revealed truth, would freely bend in gratitude toward God and enjoy with Him the happiness of eternal sonship.

And for this end Moses had not simply to seek the means of strengthening his authority by terrifying the Israelites into submission through a divine magic, but he had to adopt a process of education by which they would be brought to know and to do what constitutes man's highest claim to dignity. In this educational process God enlightens Moses, and it is as a system of pedagogy, inspired and ever-efficient in all its fundamentals for the upbuilding of character that we must regard the Mosaic Books of the Bible, as setting forth the lesson to be learnt during all time.

There were two things which Moses as the inspired instrument of the designs of Yahwe fully realized. If he was to undertake the task of educating this people to a full realization of their high calling, the beginning must be made in undoing the false notions, the habits of thought and feeling which they had imbibed during their long sojourn and subjection in Egypt. Their social and religious views had all been tainted by contact with and submission to a people, highly religious indeed, but given to a false worship, a religion more or less materialistic, yet full of that symbolism which idealizes and mystifies what the sense of lust worships.

Yet Moses, in uprooting the superstition and sensuality of the familiar Egyptian cult, which, whilst the Jews had denied it, they had nevertheless unconsciously imitated, would not proceed by the false method of a sudden and radical destruction of cherished images. If he sets out to construct an entirely new edifice of the Divine conception in the mind of Israel, he will, at the same time, make use of all that is good or available in the old material. Thus may he wean his people from the fond memories of degrading relaxations which, amid their daily toil, had taken on the glamor of enjoyments.

And here in the sequestered plain, sheltered by the lofty mountains of the Sinaitic group, everything was calculated to make the lessons, which Moses was to teach his people, impressive. "The cliff," writes Geikie, describing this spot, "rising like a huge altar in front of the whole congregation, and visible against the sky in lonely grandeur, from end to end of the whole plain, is the very image of *the mount that might be touched*, and from which the voice of God might be heard, far and wide, over the stillness of the plain below, widened at that point to its utmost extent by the confluence of all the contiguous valleys." The sounds of the voice are readily borne from the "mountain of God," through the whole extent of the silent plain, which is four hundred acres in size, and is fringed by semicircular plains all around, reaching into mountains, from which the outlook upon the main elevation is still clear.

Here, then, we learn the first pages of Genesis. St. Ignatius, in the introduction to his *Spiritual Exercises*, insists upon the necessity of beginning the thorough reformation of life by the reflection upon our origin, our creation. And the thought that came to the founder of the Ignatian method of spiritual regeneration in the retirement of Manresa, had been, three thousand years before, the inspiration of Moses on the mountain-top. He would give a retreat to his people; and its first meditation would be on the origin of man—the Creation.

We may, therefore, take up the *Book of Genesis* at this very point, now that we have placed ourselves in an attitude similar to that under which it was made known to the Israelites in the shadow of Mt. Sinai.

Many things in the reading of the first portion of the Bible that would seem to us strange and half unreal—only that we know they are true, if we but rightly penetrate their intended sense—many things, I say, will now seem clearer, because we know something of the time and place and circumstances and the custom of speech and manner in the lands where these things happened. Moses, too, the grand genius and lawgiver, who seems almost unapproachable in his giant form (even as Michael Angelo conceived him), will appear to us a more real natural figure, whose actions and words we can understand the better, because they come from the man endowed indeed with royal gifts of mind and heart, yet a man for all that, subject to infirmity, and therefore an encouragement to us, for whom God designed him, not only as a model of the legislator, but as an example of the gentle forbearance that has given him the title of the “meekest of men.”

Here the Professor broke off, saying that he had an engagement which would not allow him to continue at present the interesting subject of the pedagogy of Moses, but that he would resume the theme at the next lecture with the Bible (Book of Genesis) in hand.

SOCIALISM.

Concluding Article.

IN studying the conflict between Socialism and our institutions, we should not neglect to examine the conservative position somewhat closely. We resist Socialism; we present argument, consideration, accusation against it, pointing out fallacy, danger, inconsistency, and the like, and appealing to the good sense of mature men to hinder its advance. In taking this position against Socialism, we impliedly take an attitude toward the present order of society. When Socialism claims that the interests of humanity, progress, justice are in jeopardy, that they can be saved only by social reorganization, we deny the accusation and resent it strongly. In so doing, what do we defend?

Surely not everything in the present order; not all of the social conditions, nor all of the destructive tendencies, nor all of

the dominant ideals of our times ; surely not all of the practices, not all of the failures, nor all of the mistaken philosophy which has worked itself into the very heart of our civilization. We would not necessarily defend the domination of the industrial element in society ; nor would we wish to approve of the maximum of property attained in the multi-millionaire, or of the minimum reached in the miserable uncertainty of an unskilled laborer's existence ; we would not wish to approve of the political power that wealth may reach, nor of the political dependence that poverty may entail. Hence the conservative should discriminate. He should know his limitations, the nature of his position, and the justification of it. The failure of such discrimination has often exposed him to defeat in argument and failure in actual defence. It may be well in concluding this series to suggest some thoughts along this line, with a view to strengthen, possibly, the position against Socialism which one feels compelled to take.

THE CONSERVATIVE DEFENCE.

Roughly speaking, Church, State, Court, Legislature, Employer, and Property Owner are conservative. They unite in defence of the existing order, although their motives vary and their fundamental philosophy be totally at variance. We find common to all certain views which it may be well to state.

The first feature of the conservative attitude is in the presumption which is always in favor of an existing social order. We have our social system as an established fact ; it actually gives stability, order, definition to social relations. We act, think, teach, we interpret life and guide it, in and through and by the social relations based on the system of society which obtains. In its essentials it meets successfully any ethical or social test which we can intelligently apply as we understand life. Hence the fact that our social order, stable, traditional, sanctioned, does exist, justifies a presumption that it is in essentials right. Were we living under Socialism to-day, this presumption would favor it, just as it now favors the present order. The presumption is not absolute or final ; the fact is not necessarily a proof of rightness, but it is a valid presumption, and is so understood here. This position does not suppose that society is at a standstill. Social orders have

passed away, and others will pass away. Progress results from conflict. Unless reform movements arise, stagnation results; unless government, religion, and powerful social classes successfully resist the extreme aims of reform, we have revolution. The struggle and the whole onward movement of life develop new ethical conceptions, humaner public opinion, gradual modification of institutions, and better care of the weak. Allowing for all of this, the presumption is in favor of an existing order—hence it is the first element in the conservative position.

Secondly, it seems that this particular social order, known as individualistic, whose distinctive trait is private ownership of capital, is sanctioned by the history of human progress. This appears to be the thought of Leo XIII, who says in his Encyclical on the Condition of Labor: "The common opinion of mankind, little affected by the few dissentients who have contended for the opposite view, has found in the careful study of nature, and in the laws of nature, the foundations of the division of property, and the practice of all ages has consecrated the principle of private ownership as being preëminently in conformity with human nature and as conducing in the most unmistakable manner to the peace and tranquillity of human existence." The main support of the institution of private ownership of capital seems to be in the historical development of civilization, and in the actual superiority of the present over any preceding age in the essentials of progress. The argument in favor of the present order is often confused, for private ownership as an institution and private ownership of capital are taken as synonymous, whereas they are distinct. One of the ablest presentations by a Catholic writer against Socialism, in the development of this historical argument in favor of private property, represents it as practically universal, permanent in the midst of change in philosophy and institutions, striking more deeply into life as culture advanced. It is then stated that communists and Socialists are guilty of a crime against the human race because in attacking private property they attack something essentially necessary to the development of the race. This customary confusion or error against Socialism weakens very much the actual argument, but it does not affect the validity of the historical argument itself in favor of the existing social order. The strong facts of

history, the achievements of our institutions, the vitality that is in them, the actual purification and elevation accomplished, taken in themselves, furnish the conservative with abundant sources of argument. He occasionally argues badly, he may not always be entirely honest in his form of presentation, he may be blind to facts at times, but, notwithstanding such mistakes, there is great strength in the historical argument.

No open-minded man can be blind to the defects, limitations and failures of our institutions. In fact, we often hear said, that, bad as conditions may be, nothing offered by Socialism promises relief. Society has come to its strongest form as it is now organized. If present leadership can do no more, no more can be done by any leadership. However, the discriminating conservative who says this sees in the history of the past and the achievements of the present, sufficient to allow him to believe in the reform power of society as now organized. Immense reforms have been accomplished, others will yet be accomplished as far as institutions cause the evils in question. An employer of labor stated recently: "It is folly to talk about the Golden Rule being obsolete. True, it establishes a standard which imperfect human nature can only aspire to, but never in the history of this or any other country has (*sic*) its teachings been so fully regarded and complied with, as has been the case during the last five years; never have the contributions to charity, benevolence, morals, and for the uplifting of the lower classes been equalled; never has (*sic*) there been such general personal efforts for the betterment of mankind; never has the wage-earning class been so well paid, and so justly and humanely treated by the employer."¹ Whatever exaggeration this statement may contain, however aptly it might be turned back on the author whose statement supposes the massive poverty and need of charity which are meeting relief, it remains undeniable that immense reforms have been realized. We may even grant that the agitation of Socialism hastened these reforms without in the least impairing the value of the main thought.

Finally the conservative sees in the many ills of modern life, a great variety of causes. Social institutions, private ownership of capital, are but some of many causes; these being to a consider-

¹ *Bulletin of the National Metal Trades Association*, April, 1903.

able extent beyond the reach of any social reform as such. Passion and sin, idleness and recklessness, lack of judgment, extravagance, improvidence, natural human limitations, accidents of social organization and of nature, are causes of evils, of misery, of dependence, coördinately with social institutions. When the conservative has thus restricted the imputations of social wrong to the objective degree in which social institutions are causes, he is absolutely certain that the probabilities of reform in the present order are ample.

We see, therefore, that the conservative position rests on the presumption in favor of an existing social order; on the historical argument which shows that this order is closely identified with human progress; on the actual reforms accomplished, and those reasonably expected; on the fact that the social order as a social order may not be blamed indiscriminately for all social ills, and further, that, in as far as the social order is to blame, it can reform conditions. Government defends the present order in the name of material progress, religion upholds it in the name of moral and spiritual welfare, the favored classes support it in the name of self-interest, but all are in harmony in making defence against Socialism.

There is another consideration alleged by conservatism against Socialism which merits particular notice, on account of the importance attached to it—namely, the inviolability of private property. We are told that Socialism violates natural justice: that the sacredness of property is an axiom. We find much confusion in the statement and application of the thought; hence it may be well to examine it briefly. This will be done merely as an abstract analysis—isolated from the historical argument for private property.

NATURAL LAW AND THE SOCIAL ORDER.

The principles of natural law are absolute, immutable, because they are formulated to express relations fixed in nature. The conditions in which natural laws are applied are variable. Natural law sanctions private ownership of property; it seems even to demand it as a primary individual and social necessity. In discussing the relation of natural law to private property, however,

we should distinguish the objects of property right, *e. g.*, whether slaves, land, mines, capital, etc., may be owned as private property; the subject of property right, *e. g.*, who may own property, slaves, married women; the process of acquiring property rights, *e. g.*, by inheritance, by personal labor, by occupation, by speculation, by organizing and directing the labor of many, by investing money or placing it at interest while living an idle life; the limitations to which private ownership may be subjected.

Suum cuique is the natural law of justice, but the history of society shows great variations in the content of *suum*, due to the changes in positive custom or civil law. Now the present-day controversy with Socialism hinges on the positive civil law defining property, and conservatism's defence is a defence of existing civil conditions as in themselves just. At one time slaves, at another time serfs could own no property, while all that either produced belonged to master or lord. Evidently moral law recognized these conditions, for it is not clear that they directly violated fundamental natural law. Once social institutions have fixed the what, how, who of private ownership, natural law sanctions relations thus established and *suum cuique* becomes concrete, exact. Natural law clearly gives to every individual the right to the ownership of such things as are necessary to his reasonable perfection or development. Above that level, when one appeals to natural law or justice to defend the social order, one should discriminate carefully between an historical argument intended to prove that the present social order is necessary or legitimate, and a principle of natural law which, theoretically, is indifferent to one of many social orders.

Present institutions place no maximum limit on the content of *suum*. One may own, use, manage tens of millions. One may acquire these millions by monopoly, by speculation, by commerce, by profits based on the labor of thousands of workmen, by inheritance. In this acquisition much may be due to the technical, economic, social, legal circumstances in which business is done—(known among the Germans as *conjunctur*), and only a minor part may be due to personal effort. Present institutions place no minimum limit on the content of *suum*. The blundering unskilled laborer has no legal guarantee of food, clothing, shelter.

Natural law does give him rights which our civil organization does not guarantee. It sanctions property rights while it practically ignores the fundamental human right of the individual; it protects property already acquired, but does not guarantee the opportunity to earn it. The conservative should discriminate therefore in his defence of existing conditions. The unlimited maximum and the undefined minimum are each logical results of our social system. The Socialist has definite intentions regarding [this problem, which one should note well in forming an ethical estimate of Socialism's plans. The natural law as an abstract law is not antagonized by it. *Suum cuique* is the *credo* of Socialism professedly. It aims to make a new concrete definition of *suum*. Once that is made, it claims that it would enforce emphatically the natural law. It says that anything may be owned except capital; no one may acquire by any industrial process except personal labor; every producer shall have the opportunity to own a maximum of what he produces. In fact, the professed intention of Socialism might be expressed in these words, found in the Encyclical of Leo XIII: "Is it just that the fruit of a man's sweat and labor should be possessed and enjoyed by any one else? As effects follow their cause, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to those who have bestowed their labor." While the text has a particular application in the mind of the Holy Father, it seems to have the force of a principle. Were a social order possible wherein labor received nearly all that it produced—as Socialism pretends to hope—one would have difficulty in showing that it violated the basic principle laid down in the Encyclical, "the inviolability of private property." Natural law gives to every individual the right to development, to perfection, and to the means required. Any social order which directly suppresses, or violates that right, is inherently wrong. Above that line there is place for the greatest variations in kind of property, manner of acquiring it, limitations to which it is subjected. Whether this or that shall be property, how this or that person may own, manage or dispose of property, are all questions of detail, historically determined with only remote relation to absolute natural law. When a social order exists with ethical sanction, as seems to be the case to-day, the conservative should

carefully discriminate between the absolute natural law which is indifferent to many social systems, the ethical sanction which the existing order deserves, the historical argument that the existing order is (*a*) commanded by natural law, or (*b*) the best possible order. The essential question is really one of history rather than of ethics, except that the problem of transition from one order to another must be judged strictly by current ethical standards. The conservative may err in claiming too much from natural justice for his position, and too much from natural justice against the socialist position. Once the minimum natural claim of the individual to development is recognized, the controversy shifts from ethics to history. It does seem impossible to devise a new system which on the whole promises more than the present system might give us; but it seems possible to accomplish much more than all that has yet been done to improve the conditions of life. The best defence of social order is found, not in ability to argue but in power to do. As before suggested, reasonable reforms are the only arguments which will refute Socialism. If the whole ethical question simmers down to one of fact, viz.: Is the present social order doing its duty? is it guilty of criminal neglect? is social justice a real fact?—it seems evident that society's duty is to work, not to argue: to reform wrongs rather than to resent Socialism. We can not escape the conclusion that society must give us the reforms admittedly called for, or conservatism must lose every support of its position except that of superior force.

THE REAL PROBLEM.

The first assumption of Socialism, viz., that our institutions are bankrupt, can be refuted only by showing that they are not bankrupt. The strong in any civilization can take care of themselves. The process that produces the weak classes, that holds them down, that shuts them out from claims which they present against society, reveals the essential destructive tendency of institutions which endanger the social order. Now our industrial development has produced in modern society a social class with every element of class solidarity; class consciousness, identity of interest, of rights and of wrongs, identity of origin, of place and relation in life. Facility of communication, spread of education,

reading, meeting, contact, strife and struggle have welded the members of the laboring class (the portion to which we refer, viz., the discontented) into a compact mass. A distinctive imposing phenomenon of society to-day is surely seen in this industrial social class. However, our legal, political and juridical traditions recognize no class in the United States. They exalt the individual : government exists for him, rests on him. It is our glory that class and caste are forever banished from among us. Law, Court, Executive, therefore, recognize no class as class ; employers find it to their advantage to stand with them. The great struggle to-day, therefore, is found in the attempt of this strong, aggressive laboring class as a class to break our legal and social traditions and win recognition as a class. At present, the main effort is to win recognition as a class merely in the relations with employers and to secure, nominally general legislation which in fact is intended specially to improve the condition of the class itself. Efforts have been made repeatedly to build up a political party on the class as a class, and strong tendencies are again at work with the same end in view. The clearest, most pronounced manifestation of class consciousness, class purpose, and class organization is found in Socialism. Its roots are in the labor movement. The emotional, logical and social outcome of the whole movement is found in Socialism. There are really few principles in the movement that stand strongly against Socialism. The opposition is largely one of policy, of tactics, of management. We can trace continuity through the two movements and find in them successive stages of one imposing and powerful development. Personal and party differences, variations in temperament and policy among unions and Socialism are marked enough, but they do not deprive the whole movement of the discontented of its essential meaning.

The attitude taken by the conservative forces of society to the whole movement seems to be somewhat confused. The ethical sense of conservatism seems to favor the recognition of the organized discontent and to wish to make considerable concessions to it. The religious sense of conservatism appears to support that feeling. The sterner industrial sense of conservatism demands the dissolution of the class of the discontented, professing willingness to deal justly with the individuals as individuals.

The political sense of conservatism is so much disturbed by party interests and popular caution that it scarcely comes to definite expression, though the social tendencies now at work seem to promise increasing recognition of the woes of the discontented, and corresponding effort to alleviate them. This confusion of the whole conservative mind is in itself a problem. The distraction felt on all sides is a source of real concern. Did society possess and adhere to a united philosophy of life, one might coördinate forces more easily. Were we to understand in the same way, basic human rights and obligations, individual and social responsibility, duties as well as the rights of property and the rights as well as the duties of men, much could be done. The failure of conservatism to possess this unified, clarified consciousness arrests its nobler impulses and allows it to do less than its duty toward securing social peace. We need a mighty synthesis in our difficulties; a commanding mind that will see life in all its relations; see problems in all their bearings, and coördinate conscience, religion, law and state in the service of society. The world has recognized in Leo XIII such a mind, and in his work such an effort. He was heard with respect and reverence, but the impulse to follow him did not arise except where faith was found. If history, psychology and ethics teach us anything, they teach us that any satisfactory solution of the great social question must be the result of belief in a synthetic view of life and of consequent harmonious coöperation of its industrial, legal, ethical and religious forces. The next step in social progress should be the effort to unite them on some acceptable understanding of the principles that underlie the whole modern problem. With that as a starting-point, hopeful results would quickly come.

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THE IDEAL CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

A PLEA FOR HIGHER IDEALS.

IT is good for workers, for busy men, to have ideals, else were this busy world a mere factory of shoddy! And as students in an artist's class keep ever looking up from their copies to the

model, so the wise toiler does not keep his ideal locked up in his breast, but has it ever before him to correct his outlines, make his weak tracings stronger, and erase those straggling additions that detract from the harmony of the completed picture. It is good above all for Catholics to have ideals, for without Catholic ideals the spiritual poetry of the world would be like unto a region ice-bound.

And the Utopia that comes before the mind of the educated Catholic oftener, perhaps, than any other is that of an Ideal Catholic College. This is the case especially with persons who have not long passed into man's estate, who are beginning to realize less dimly every day their own mental gaps and deficiencies, and who are tempted to throw most of the blame for their condition rather on their former college and teachers than on their own weak, unchastened wills. How many men after the years they have spent on the arts and humanities in a classical college are not tempted, when they realize how wofully ignorant they are, to reëcho the old educational heresy underlying the question "What is the use of a classical education? Why did they not teach me something useful?" To devote space to answering this question would be but flogging a dying horse. It will be enough to say that if even a misapplied classical education will enable a man to realize and remedy his own ignorance, it has done more for him than perhaps the most modish system of commercial and pseudo-scientific cram would have done with the marvellous self-complacency and intellectual flatulence that it engenders and which lasts usually to the grave.

Most of my readers will, I think, have in their minds their own ideal of what a Catholic college should be. Many can have no hope of direct benefit to themselves through the partial fulfilment—for only so far can ideals be realized, alas!—of their own pet ideal; but as they live again in their posterity, so let them wish to be educated again in their sons and daughters. Let us then compare our ideals and see which of us has the noblest that is practicable.

A RECIPE.

The ideal Catholic college would on its purely secular side be naturally a college composed of each of those various depart-

ments of human learning, modelled on its corresponding department in that college where a particular subject was generally regarded as being taught best. This idea of a college would be thus a purely composite idea, and an idea that could be but imperfectly realized. Limited means and a system limited to local needs, whether of town, state or nation, must always prevent the realization of such an ideal.

But, granted the purse of a Fortunatus to spend, and the wisdom of a Solomon to spend it, we should not then have approached the ideal college even on its purely secular side. There would be wanting tradition, that subtle and indefinable *genius loci*, which is the life and soul of a long-established college, and whose absence hampers for years the work of the ablest teachers and disciplinarians in any new school or institute of learning. This is the reason a reformed old college can, under competent management, hold its own successfully against the most up-to-date of new schools with the best scientific equipment of staff, appliances, class-rooms, laboratories.

The idea of such a college would not be hard to frame on paper. This college has the best system of teaching mathematics; that college is deservedly famed for the quality and character of its training in chemistry, or physics, or electricity; this college sends into the world the best linguists; that college is noted for its sound classical scholars; this college produces the best athletes; that college the ablest men of business; to every college its own speciality. Let us combine all these excellences and we get our ideal college, from the merely worldly point of view. How low this ideal is by the side of our poorest, worst-equipped Catholic college, every religious man will at once perceive.

The ideal Catholic college would be then a college that contained the foregoing combination of secular excellences, and that taught the doctrines of the Church in such a way as to produce the best Catholics.

WANTED A COLLEGE!

Now where are we to look for a college that trains the souls of its students in the best possible way? It would be far easier to name off-hand the best system of classical or mathematical

instruction, out of so many competing systems, than to answer this question. Why is this? Is it not because our religious training is stereotyped and very much the same anywhere?

Is the religious training in any Catholic college perfect? Far from it! Our doctrines are perfect, but our methods of imparting them must necessarily be as imperfect as the teachers. There must be many faults in our best colleges, therefore, and our Holy Mother the Church is ever peculiarly anxious that we should detect and remedy them in order that collegiate life may be a help and not a hindrance to salvation. The object of Catholic training is to convey the maximum of good to the greatest possible number. To convey the maximum of good to a great number but not to the greatest possible would be a fault in a Catholic institution. A mass of matter will be the more easily electrified in proportion to the absence of bodies in it that resist the electric current. Just as it is a physical truth that there are bodies that resist electricity, so it is a sad educational truth that there are boys and girls that cannot be spiritualized by life in colleges, and that hinder the free course of the electric current through the souls of others. Where these obstacles exist, the maximum of good is not being conveyed to the greatest possible number; there is a "short circuit" in our electrical system; there is a leakage of force; there is a fault in our college.

To find our ideal Catholic college we must, therefore, find these faults in order to eliminate them from our system.

"RELIGIOUS DYSPEPSIA."

I have met at times past students of many Catholic colleges who were not practising Catholics. In answer to the question as to why they had abandoned their duties, the usual answer was: "O, I had so much religion crammed into me at school and college that I got sick of it!" Every priest must be more than familiar with this reply. I have just received this answer to my question from two former pupils of my own, living in quarters of the globe far remote from me and each other, who still maintain a correspondence with their former master. These were, when at college, tractable students of average brain power and, as far as I know, of good character.

Such iteration of an old familiar reply has led to this article, has induced me to ask myself: May there not possibly be something in it? I hope I shall not shock any of my readers by the avowal, but I earnestly believe there is. It is the "cramming" of religion that produces, I believe, a certain percentage of the leakage from the Catholic students of our Catholic colleges.

Much of our religious training in colleges is mere routine and appeals to the head chiefly, very little to the heart. Students are roused at an early, sometimes too early, hour. Sleepy in summer, benumbed in winter, equally distracted winter and summer alike, sometimes with the painful feeling of hunger that all young animals experience after a prolonged fast, they are driven by a task-master into the chapel. Morning prayers are uttered mechanically, and then comes the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. A policeman or prefect is told off to see that Catholic boys commit no sacrilege! They are lucky if they are allowed to genuflect without the odious accompaniment of the prefect's hand-clapping. After Mass comes study for an hour or so, and then a breakfast of sorts, usually bolted. As human kind cannot chew the cud, this is usually the beginning of life-long dyspepsia. Religious indigestion arises in the same way.

Routine visits are made to the Blessed Sacrament during the day, with a policeman at the head and another at the tail of the procession. On a feast-day there may be a routine Benediction. Once a month a policeman goes his rounds and hales the delinquents to Confession. I dread the next thought, but there are, there must be, routine Communions. It is all part of the system.

Now just for a minute, gentle reader, never mind a defender of the system,—for I know as well as you there must be some system and some routine—but just ask yourself the question: Is the foregoing description fairly true? Does it resemble any of your own experiences? I know that destructive criticism is an easy task; but that is all that concerns us at present. Let us always train our minds to meet facts, particularly ugly facts, and we shall go far in our mental life. Let deductions come in their due course after the orderly harvesting and gleaning of particular truths.

INTOXICATED BY LIBERTY.

After a few months of this religious routine come the holidays, and good-by to books and routine—and, in how many cases, to week-day religion!

Human nature would not be human nature if a reaction against all kinds of routine did not follow! It is a terrible truth, but it is the truth for all that, and must be faced, that the greatest abuses follow in the holidays, when students in any of our colleges have been treated as slaves, and not taught the use of their liberty.

How many of those who may happen to read this article have not been deeply shocked, and their religious feeling wounded to the quick, at the conduct of Catholic students returning home in the cars on the first day of the holidays!

Slaves are intoxicated at the first breath of freedom, because they know not how to use their liberty, but the idea of intoxication is loathsome in connection with the student of a Catholic college. I knew a college some years ago of much pretension, whose success was due to the faded glories of an historic past, where it would almost be the language of flattery to say that license prevailed when liberty was given, or rather, as liberty was no part of the code, whenever the Draconic system was modified. Here in this college no student was allowed to leave the grounds except as one of a band of four, each band in charge of a cassocked seminarian, often much the youngest of the band, and one perhaps just promoted from the lowest college class to the dignity of the *soutane*. There was to me something incongruous in the sight of this juvenile wearer of the cassock, with the youthful down still fresh on his cheek, assuming the grave responsibility of looking after the conduct of four bearded veterans anxious for the stolen sweets of smuggled whiskey and contraband tobacco. When by its iron rules a college resembles a reformatory, corporal punishment of a kind has to be inflicted freely, and each of these bearded veterans knew the penalty, and was callous and resigned. The delinquent was sure to get his punishment, and if he showed fight to one of the prefects he was simply flogged by the four. All the convicts, I mean students, were driven in a chain-gang to Holy Mass, to prayers and to everything, and I wonder how many of those whom I knew then go

regularly now to a Mass of obligation, let alone to the free-will offering of a weekday Mass? May there not possibly, and I ask the question with all respect and diffidence, be something wrong with a system whose practical result is that all the religion of one's life-time is crowded into one corner of one's life? To make the child "honor his Creator in the days of his youth" is one thing, and to make the child honor his Creator in such a system as to produce a dislike for the honor of his Creator ever afterwards, is another.

THE PURITAN SNAKE.

The Catholic Church is the Mother of Liberty, as much the mother of true liberty as she is the stern foe of all license. Catholic teachers who cannot train their pupils to use their liberty aright, fall very far short of the Catholic standard. The behavior of a student whose religion is not a mere matter of scholastic routine, will not be different on the first day of the holidays from the middle of term-time. I protest vigorously against the view of those stern moralists among us who by constantly dwelling on one phase of Catholic ascetical thought have brought themselves into apparent sympathy with the Manichæanism of the Puritans. The Catholic Church ever sails a middle course. The Puritans denounced all pleasures, at least all harmless pleasures, for your saint of the street-corner is often a sad sinner in the closet. The opponents of the Puritans, who finally won the day, were Epicureans of the school of Horace, not of the great teacher Epicurus. The Catholic Church alone has ever consistently held the middle course between these extremes and left the soul of man free. She has ever taught man to know how to use his liberty, to be master of himself, and to enjoy all sinless pleasures. Hence Catholic England was "Merrie England," and amongst Catholics alone was found the true joy of life. France would, I believe, be "Merrie" France to-day, if religion were not driven into the sacristies and aristocratic *salons*, and if that foul fiend of French Puritanism or Jansenism had not broken the thread of Catholic educational life and alienated the clergy from the laity and the laity from the clergy, that unhappiest of all divorces in any Catholic country.

CATHOLIC HOT-HOUSES.

To develop further our idea of the Catholic college we must therefore imitate our Mother the Church in her careful avoidance of extremes. A plant raised in a hot-house is not adapted for the turbulent life of our northern climate, and if for experimental purposes we grow one of our home plants in a hot-house, we must take care to let it have its proper atmosphere, without which it will be a puny, sapless thing at the best. It is much the same in a college. A French atmosphere is, I think, the worst atmosphere possible for an American or English lad brought up with Anglo-Saxon ideas and institutions. The young American or Britisher should be taught to use his liberty, and should be put upon his honor as soon as he is old enough to understand the words "honor" and "liberty."

His college life should be a joyous life; his religion should be a joy; the trusting by his masters to his honor and not to their *surveillance*—that bad old system which produces more hypocrites than saints—should be his proudest privilege.

But how are we to effect this?

By remodelling the system where it is faulty.

BOY WANTED!

In every Catholic college there should be one priest whose sole duty or chief duty should be to act as parish priest to the students. He should not be a stiff, hard, hide-bound *règlementaire*, but a man of genial, kindly soul, one who has been fortunate enough to keep his boyish enthusiasm and sympathies unimpaired, one who is a boy himself. In every diocese there is a full score of such priests.

Do you remember that splendid sympathetic study of such a Father in the first part of Daudet's *Le Petit Chose*, that beautiful book marred and brutalized by the *style boulevardier* of its second part, *Le Petit Chose à Paris*? What a splendid prefect he would have made for our college! What an admirable blend of prefect and parish priest!

Nowhere in the world is there such wealth of material as in our Catholic priesthood. One of the many little things that astounds an educated convert is the number of priests he meets of

middle age and older, who have retained the hearts of boys amidst the many disillusionments that they have met in their career. This explains why in English literature a non-Catholic writer will usually depict an old Irish priest, a priest of the only nationality he has met as a rule, as "a jolly priest," who "at all seasons of innocent jollity" is always the leading spirit.

This guileless Nathaniel-like character is, thank God! not peculiarly the characteristic of the devoted Irish clergy, though they have their full share of it. Such priests are to be found among every nationality, as this boy-like character is one of the marks of a peaceful Catholic heart and not of any distinction of race. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat" is an historic absurdity; but for all that I believe that he who wishes to rule boys successfully must himself be a boy at heart and in sympathies.

How many really excellent priests and schoolmasters fail at establishing an influence over their youthful subjects' minds simply because, in utter unconsciousness, of course, they act and talk and move amongst their charges like inhabitants of another sphere. I have often heard a good and holy priest giving little lectures to a class of boys in which the terms of scientific theology were repeated like spells and could only have been appreciated in a first-year class of moral theology. Like Goldsmith's young rustics they wondered at one head carrying all the learned words the good priest evidently knew.

We sometimes meet men in charge of boys and young men, who seem to have never been young themselves, excellent men and scholars of much erudition, who appear to have been suckled by a folio and weaned on a quarto, who can describe with enthusiasm the Olympian Games, but who do not know what "stealing a base" means, who walk about among their boys amazedly like foreigners listening to a strange tongue and wondering what it all means. Such men are admirable in a class-room, but as directors or prefects of boys they are but square pegs in round holes. Boys, in some respects more clear-sighted than their instructors, are the first to perceive and resent the incongruity of the whole arrangement.

For our ideal collegiate parish priest or prefect, however, no

such bookworm, be he never so saintly, would do ; we want the man who knows boys and how to win them.

What routine he employed, he would limit to what is of obligation. We must attend Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation ; with regard to Mass on other occasions the Church has left us free, that we may have something of our own to offer, without compulsion, to God. Of boys over twelve, and of these alone am I writing, one volunteer at a weekday Mass is better than a dozen pressed boys. And how many such volunteers would not a Catholic Arnold in a Catholic Rugby call forth !

LOAFERS MUST GO !

The great need in America and in Great Britain is a Catholic Rugby, a public school where Catholic liberty would truly prevail. If an Arnold with a purely natural religion at his command could produce the really admirable results that he did indeed produce, what might we not expect from a Catholic college conducted on the same principles with all the supernatural wealth a Catholic instructor has to help him ? Arnold's first principle was to win the heart of the boy ; his second principle was that all undesirable students, or those who were a hindrance to others, should be eliminated from the college. As he said, " It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys ; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen."

It is not enough for instructors to see that they themselves do not scandalize one of the little ones, they must see to it that no *σκάνδαλον* or stumbling-block be in their college from the presence of one of the boys themselves. I do not mean in a spiritual sense only, for what Catholic college or what English Arnold would tolerate for a moment a moral offender ? As we know, Arnold removed quietly from Rugby many boys who were good boys in themselves, yet either stumbling-blocks to others or totally unfitted for college life. As every practical teacher knows, all boys, whose parents are well-to-do, are not necessarily fitted for life in a college. Many boys at the present day are allowed to dream away their time at college in a state of intellectual torpor, when they might do wonderful things in the hands of a compe-

tent private tutor or at a less ambitious school. There is a squeamishness amongst us of hurting the feelings of parents, or of injuring the finances of our colleges by insisting on the removal of an unsatisfactory boy, not necessarily a dull boy, sometimes even a clever boy. But this must be done, if you are aiming at a high standard for your college, and if you are not, this subject has merely an academic interest for you. The average parent of average common sense will soon see that you have the interests of his son at heart, and will no more dream of dictating his standard to you than he would think of telling a watchmaker how to mend his watch.

My ideal college will have then probably small numbers from the start; and let them be smaller at first, by judicious eliminating of all unplastic material. The growth will be but gradual. There will be plenty of opposition, plenty of criticism, and little encouragement or help at first; but in the end, after much patience and tribulation, I think I can safely promise all those who think only in dollars and cents that it will pay. I swear by all the dollar-gods or sterling-gods that were ever created for their creators' adoration, that it will pay.

When it is found that your original high standard has been kept up and has never been lowered to meet some individual pupil's requirements, it will be a privilege for a student to enter the walls of that college. It will be an honor worth competing for, and there will be competition for it.

WE COULD AND WE WOULD!

If there is room in the State for hundreds of colleges with distinctly lower aims, with purely social or frankly mercenary ideals, there ought to be room in the whole country for one such college as ours.

Now, at the present moment our poorest and feeblest Catholic college is to Arnold's Rugby as Rugby was to the other English Protestant public schools of Arnold's day, just because it is a Catholic college. Would not a Catholic Rugby be as superior to the bulk of our Catholic colleges?

Is it an impossible ideal? Can you not picture to yourself a college with a sympathetic, holy priest winning the souls of the

students to God, winning them gradually, breaking down formalism and routine gradually, but winning them? It is a grand picture—but one, I feel convinced, that could be realized. And even if the sciences and 'ologies were a little behindhand in such a college, even if this marvellous brand-new psychological pedagogy, or pedagogical psychology, or whatever it is called, had not yet found its way there, it would be nearer, I think, the realization of our ideal Catholic college than many more pretentious institutions.

It is not an impossible ideal! Why should we Catholics, of all the people in the world, who are in a special sense the heirs of what is of good or of God in all the ages, why should we content ourselves with not a low, but the lower ideal? We who have the only religion in the world that is not at the mercy of every wind and breath of philosophy or science, we who have the one infallible touchstone, we whose position is alone secure, should feel ashamed at times when we see the high ideals of those excellent men outside our ranks in this world, and when we think how self-centred we are and how contented with "the good," when we might easily get "the better." The old proverb tells us, *Le mieux est souvent l'ennemi du bien*; but in our case the reverse too often obtains.

We are too apt to sing, "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!" and to fall back on our *laissez-faire* style of doing things, and trusting always to have the grand old Church behind us to fall back upon in case of need.

It is not necessary for us to await the rise of a new college, some phoenix among our Catholic colleges, to see our vision realized. As I have said before, an old college has something that a new college cannot hope to obtain for years, and that is, tradition and long-established *esprit de corps*; and by a sympathetic chief and prefects of the right stamp much of the obnoxious formalism that has grown up might gradually and judiciously be done away with. It would be edifying to see a Christian rivalry among our historic colleges, as to which could concede the largest measure of Christian liberty to its subjects with perfect knowledge as to how to use it. The result might be more useful to the soul of the student than winning even a base-ball match.

The Rector of a college has his best advisers even nearer him than he thinks. His best advisers are his own pupils. Arnold learnt more from his boys themselves than from the pages of any psychology, but it takes an Arnold to win the confidence of boys, who are, once they are won, the honestest advisers the sun shines upon. The next best advisers are for obvious reasons the boys who have just left college.

I do not despair of reading in the time to come the "School-days" of some Catholic "Tom Brown," marked by all the love and affection that that noble teacher Arnold continued to inspire in Judge Hughes, and in all his old boys. It has not been written yet, as Arnold's experiment has not yet been tried amongst us. We are waiting for the "high man" of whom Browning writes, and, as the times are ripe, let us hope we shall not have long to wait.

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it :
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit :
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

Lofty designs must close in like effects !
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying." ¹

M. D.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

PART II.—SILHOUETTES FROM ANJOU.

CHAPTER VI.—GOOD MEN AND WOMEN.

HAD I the brush of a Greuze or a Téniers, I might reproduce types, scenes, and customs curious from more than one point of view. Certain it is that I should not lack for subjects.

Sometimes, as I think I have said, I accompanied my sister on her walks or drives in our part of Anjou, and with her visited the

¹ *A Grammarian's Funeral.*

homes of the peasants. These good people received us with wonderful cordiality. You should have seen their simple joy when Marguerite appeared at their cottage doors! Those who were in the house ran to tell the members of the family who were at work in the fields, and soon the whole household would gather around "Mamzelle and the little chap." Milk, fruit, cheese, and wine, sparkling and frothy in great pitchers of brown earthenware, —the best provisions which the house afforded were set forth upon the table in the twinkling of an eye. My sister never touched them, but I was, like all children, always hungry, and I did full justice to the fruit and cream. As for the wine of Anjou, which goes right to the head, and without warning surreptitiously steals the strength out of one's legs, I had orders never to accept any. If any one in the house were sick, Marguerite would do all she could to improve his condition, at the same time, by her sympathy and encouragement, helping him to offer up his sufferings. Then she would talk to the children, inquire as to their behavior, and get them to say their prayers. She was listened to as if she were an oracle, father, mother and children readily receiving the advice, encouragement and, when occasion demanded it, the reproofs of the young lady from Mesnil. They had much to say on the subjects which are uppermost in the peasant's mind, the storm which beat down the grain, the rain which bruised the grapes, the diseases of their horses and cattle, all the mishaps of country life, the misbehavior of the children who were so troublesome to bring up, and the rest.

The country people of Anjou form a very interesting study. Essentially Christian for the most part—at least at the time of which I write—they are, as a general rule, gentle and peaceable, but, at the same time, they easily take fire, and, when occasion arises, they do not hesitate to express their opinions. At first they are timid and silent in the presence of strangers, but their jovial humor and spontaneity of expression soon assert themselves when they are with those whom they know. There is nothing more entertaining than the inexhaustible conversation of the peasants—especially the peasants of the left bank of the Loire. Allow me to acquaint you with a few of the types in my collection.

We will first, if you please, visit in Marguerite's train the home of the Chopins, the tenants of Dervallière, one of my aunt's farms. I must remind you that these good people, having twelve children to rear, had placed with us, in the capacity of domestics, the two oldest, Cillette and Lexis, who are already old acquaintances. The father of the Chopin family was a man of forty-five or fifty years, of a jovial and cheerful disposition, which he maintained by means of frequent visits to his cellar. If he occasionally went down sad or surly, he always came up again smiling and gay; yet he never left his reason in the bottom of the bottle, and though, after drinking, a straight line might no longer seem to him the shortest distance between two points, still the curves which he described in his course never spread as far as the ditch. I never saw him really drunk, but his natural good humor was accentuated when his nostrils were greeted by the perfume of the lucent emeralds and sparkling diamonds lighted up in his glass by the insinuating little demon in the wine of Anjou. Then Chopin's heart expanded and was ready to take in the whole world. He would have given to the first-comer all the savings so carefully put by in the old woolen stocking in the bottom of the chest. Fortunately his wife was on the look-out, and always put the key in her pocket when she saw her husband coming out of the cellar or returning from the village, where, in company with his boon companions, he had been drinking to the speedy restoration of the monarchy.

An uncompromising royalist was Chopin! I remember one day when he was extremely gay he took me aside, and communicated to me in confidence his plans for the government of France.

"See here, master," said he, in all seriousness, "the Comtesse de Cambord must die as soon as possible, and then Napoleon would have to die too . . . and no great loss either! Very well! Now Henri V would marry the widow and adopt the child (the Prince Imperial), and there you are, with everybody suited. What do you think of it, master?"

The pastor met him, one day, and reproved him for having been "in the Lord's vineyard" again. "As for that, Father," he answered, "you ought not to be put out. It is not a burn this time, it's only a scorch." And, as Abbé Aubry moved on

laughingly, his parishioner called after him: "Tell me now, Father, will you call it a scorch? I want to know, see? Because if you're not going to call it a scorch, I'll just go to confession to the assistant, and he'll let me off easy, that I know."

One more anecdote to complete the portrait of the man.

A few years before, he had lost his mother-in-law, the widow Robin, whose peevish disposition had brought about many a storm in the Chopin household. When the good woman passed out of this life, the young men of the neighborhood bore her body to the church in an open coffin, according to the custom of the country. The funeral ceremonies over, the procession took up its way to the cemetery. The road thither was extremely narrow and overgrown with brambles, which as the bearers moved along switched into Widow Robin's face. Aroused by the pain, the supposed dead woman, who had only been in a stupor, came to life again to the great amazement of the mourners. They carried her back to the home of her son-in-law. I do not know whether the disposition of the old lady was in any way softened after her resurrection. Be that as it may, two years later Widow Robin died for good, and was straightway carried to the cemetery along the same route as before. At this point the story becomes a bit scandalous. They say that Chopin, when the procession was about to pass by the thorny bushes, called out in an anxious tone: "Easy, boys, easy! Look out for the thorns!"

I will not swear to the truth of this. Tongues wag fast on the left bank of the river!

Soon after her recovery from the illness which had so nearly proved fatal, Marguerite had to go to the Dervallière farm to see the youngest child, little Charlot, who was troubled with convulsions most alarming to his parents. As the malady was not at all contagious, my sister had promised that I might go with her, at which I was wild with joy, for the farmer's wife always gave me the most delicious cream and the very finest of strawberries.

When we reached Dervallière, the father of the Chopin family was in the fields with two of his boys, the oldest of the children after Cillete and Lexis. His wife, hearing Fanfan's well-known trot, came out of the house surrounded by her brood of little ones romping, playing and hanging about her skirts as best they

might, all except Charlot, the little sick one, who was asleep in his cradle. Hardly had the carriage stopped before the door when the good woman began to talk and kept on in an uninterrupted stream during the whole of our stay.

"Well! Good-day, Mistress! And so you are well again now? Well, that's good, but I hadn't much hopes of it! And is every one well at the house? And the Mistress, and Monsieur Charles, is he well? And how is his little lady? And so he never came our way while he was here? And I was saying: 'To be sure, Monsieur Charles will bring his wife to see Derval-lière before they go.' Well, it's a pity they did not get here. I saw her the other day, just the same, when she took the carriage to go away. My, but she is pretty! And not the least bit proud with a person. Monsieur Charles has done well for himself, to be sure. And I hear she is from Lyons, his lady. The men say it's very far from here. It's a bigger place than this, isn't it, Mistress?"

"It is indeed, Madame Chopin. It is a large city, far away from here at the other end of France."

"You don't say! And there are a lot of people there, I suppose. Is the country like ours? Do they have vineyards? Well, if they are all like Monsieur Charles' wife they must be good people, that's sure. But most likely it's the same there as it is in most places. There are good, and there are bad, aren't there, Mistress? But it must be a fine place, since Monsieur Charles likes it so well. Ah, but I am glad to see you here, Mamzelle Marguerite. How is Rose? She is as well as ever, I suppose? And Cillette and Lexis, are you still suited with them? Well, I'm glad of that! Let me tell you, Mistress, if they give you any trouble, just box their ears well. You can't manage children nowadays without it. But you are too good, Mamzelle, you couldn't hurt a flea! You're too tender with them, and that's why they cut up sometimes. Mathurin, go quick and unhitch Mamzelle's horse, and take him round and feed him. My, but he's a beautiful little beast! And look at the heat the poor creature's in! Well, no wonder, such a day as this. Come in, Mamzelle, come in, if you'll be so good. Things don't go so bad here, thanks be to God! But they might be a little better,

too. Charlot, our little one, has been so sick ever since Monday. He turns and twists and jumps, and I can't get him still. I think it must be worms that are troubling him. I had a mind to send for the doctor, for I didn't think you'd be well in time. Sit down, do, Mamzelle. Marie, pull up the arm-chair for Mamzelle. Hurry up, you lazy child! My senses! Where did I ever get such a ninny as that! I said two days ago to my husband: 'Jean, go get the doctor!' Not that I like Dr. Durand. He is so big and red, he scares me, that man. Well, here I was alone, and afraid the poor little fellow might go off at any time, and my man didn't want to get Dr. Durand. But I scolded and scolded, and at last he said he'd go. But, Lord, Mamzelle, he was so tipsy! He can't be two days without taking too much. Mathurin, did you feed Mamzelle's little horse?"

"Yes, mama."

"Now, you children just get out! You make too much noise. Our heads are splitting." And Madame Chopin, with a vigorous motion of her arms, swept the crowd that encumbered her out of the room, and closing the door on them, seated herself and resumed: "Well, Mamzelle, my husband started off in the morning, and he didn't put in an appearance, and neither did the doctor. And I was just sure he was tipsy and would fall in the road. Just then the children began to come from school, and I called to them: 'Boys, if you see my man lying in the road, push him over into the ditch so the stage won't run over him.' And they said they would; but you never can depend on children! You know that, Mamzelle. Well, at last my man came back. By that time it was after seven o'clock, and, would you believe it, he had never been to town at all! I knew very well where he had been. He had spent his time at the inn, drinking with his cronies! Oh, these fool men! They are all alike. Once they get it in their heads to drink, the Devil himself cannot change their minds! Ah, if I only had the priest here we used to have, Abbé Rapin! He could keep them straight! You didn't know him, did you, Mamzelle? Oh, no. He was before your time. It's fifteen years since he was sent to Mouilleron. He was already getting old then. His hair was getting white. 'Little Grey,' they generally called him. Ah, but it's a pity he

ever left us! I remember one day there was a fellow in the church who kept on talking at High Mass. 'Little Grey' was taking up the collection, and he saw the fellow talking. He put down the collection basket, and went for the fellow to give him a good whack. Then the man got scared and ran out the door, but 'Little Grey' ran after him in his surplice and biretta. The man ran like a rabbit to the other end of the place where it comes up against the door of the inn, and thought he would hide in old Souriceau's garden—you know old Souriceau that keeps the shop? Well, 'Little Grey' was right on his heels, however, and when he went in the door 'Little Grey' flew after him, jumped over the counter, pounced on him and gave him—his benediction! You can imagine, eh? Well, after that my young man knew better than to talk in church. They both went back, and Abbé Rapin finished the collection, and the young man kept quite still till Mass was over, and then he went to confession to Abbé Rapin. We have no more priests like that, let me tell you! And more's the pity! The men were afraid to get tipsy those days. 'Look out!' they would say. 'Here comes Little Grey.' And my, but he could preach! That *was* preaching! When he first came—and he was just priested then—he could preach very well even then, a little young priest just fresh made, and he knew how to preach right off. After him we had Abbé Guibert, the strong man, they called him. My, but he was big and strong, and such a fine-looking man! He could lift a cask of wine to his knee, and then drink from the bung-hole. Everyone loved him, too, and I tell you, when *he* told the men to go to confession, they went! Ah, well! And now they have sent us Abbé Berteaux. Well, he's a good priest—I don't deny that; but he is not big or strong. No, he's little, and the men are not afraid of him at all! I tell you what it is, Mamzelle, and I say it because it's the truth, the Bishop, with all due respect to him, is just making game of us; else *why* does he send us a girl for assistant priest? O, yes; the men are mighty hard to manage nowadays. That's not to say I have much to complain of in mine. No. He's a good man, sure, and hasn't a bad streak in him when he's not drinking. But that miserable wine! And he's always a mind to drink. 'I want a drink;' 'let's take a drink;' 'will you have a drink?'

and so it goes. If a neighbor passes by, 'Come in,' he says, 'and try my cask.' And then, when they have both tasted our wine, they go off to try the neighbor's wine, and they go the rounds, and so it keeps up until all the casks are dry. That keeps them tipsy most of the time for six months of the year. It's true it takes very little to muddle my man! Three or four glasses, and he's done for. That's not like the farmer at La Perrine! When you see him tipsy you may be sure he has drunk at least nine bottles in 'succession.'

Here Madame Chopin paused for breath, and Marguerite took advantage of the intermission to go over to the cradle and inquire into the condition of the sick baby. It appeared that his case was not very serious. Marguerite prepared a remedy which she administered herself, and after she had prescribed some simple treatment, we took leave of the good people of Dervallière.

I might also tell of a visit which we made on Pélagie Saboureau, of the village of Mare-Noire, in the parish of Saint-Laurent. Worthy Mother Saboureau must have been at that time sixty-eight or seventy years old. She had been Charles' nurse, and he made a point of going to see her with his wife when they came to Mesnil on their wedding-trip.

We—Charles, Lucie, Marguerite, and I—arrived unexpectedly at the old woman's house. She had no idea of the surprise in store for her. She was very short-sighted, and it was a long time since she had seen my brother, and so at first she did not recognize him. She was extremely polite to Marguerite, whom she saw often, and also to the handsome officer and the pretty lady who did her the honor of coming to her house; but she did not dare ask their names.

"And so, Mother Saboureau," said Marguerite, "you do not know who this fine young man is whom I have brought to see you?"

The old woman wiped her eyes, put on her spectacles, after carefully polishing the glasses, took Charles unceremoniously by the arm, and drew him over to the window. Suddenly turning to Marguerite who, with Lucie, was in fits of laughter, she said: "Is it really my boy, Mamzelle?"

"It is, indeed, Mother Saboureau. It's your big Charles come back to see you. He has changed a great deal, hasn't he?"

The good woman, crying for joy, threw her arms around Charles' neck.

"And it's real good of you, my little boy, to come and see your old nurse!"

"Why, of course, I came to see you. It's the least I could do. Don't I always love you just the same, Nana?"

"Well, well! And how handsome you've grown! And what fine clothes you have on! And look, Mamzelle Marguerite, at the height he's got to! That's because he was well fed when he was a baby! When he was little, all the women about here were just as jealous as they could be.

"'Pélagie,' they would say, 'aren't you ashamed to have that baby get so fat?' Of course, I was not ashamed. And when I took him home to the Hutterie, to your house, for his mother to see him, she said: 'How beautiful he is! You are very good, Pélagie, to take such fine care of my Charles,' and I said: 'Lord, Madame, he is as fat as I can make him.' 'You have done very well with him,' she said, and they gave me twenty francs over and above the wages, because he was so much bigger than they expected."

"And now tell me, my boy," continued Mother Saboureux, "who is the lovely lady with you? Isn't she your wife?"

"Yes, Nana, and she loves you, too."

"Of course, I do," said Lucie, who was much interested in this little scene. "And I must thank you, too, for having taken such good care of my future husband," and she gave her own picture and that of Charles set in a pretty medallion, which she hung around her neck, at the same time slipping a generous sum of money into her hand.

"A thousand thanks, Madame," said Mother Saboureux, "and now, if you want me to be perfectly happy, let me kiss you, too."

"Why, certainly," said Lucie, and she stooped and kissed the old woman's wrinkled cheek.

"And now, Madame," Mother Saboureux went on, "I can tell you, you have done well for yourself. You drew a lucky number when you got my big Charles for a husband. He will never give you any trouble *on purpose*. But, Lord! he is lively and always on the go. It is not easy to hold him in. If he makes you trot

the way he did me sometimes when he was little, you will have need of patience, I can tell you! But, Lord! he is not really bad—not the least in the world. And then, let me tell you, if he is not good, you must keep him in. That's the way I always managed. I would say, 'You shan't go out!' And then I would tie him to the foot of my bed, and how he hated that! O! it would not be fifteen minutes before he was ready to say he was sorry."

"Very well! I will try that, too, some day," said Lucie, "I am glad you told me of it."

At last we said good-by to Mother Saboureau, and started back for Mesnil, laughing heartily on the way at the amusing interview.

"Really," said Lucie, "that visit alone is worth the trip from Lyons to Angers."

Another character was a poor woman in evident distress, who stopped us one day when we were about twelve or fifteen miles from Mesnil on one of those pleasant excursions which Marguerite and I took once a month. We had camped for the day in a green meadow beside a sparkling brook, and, as evening was now coming on, we were about to pack up our belongings and depart for home, when we saw a big stout woman running toward us, sobbing as if her heart would break. When she had caught up to us and had recovered her breath, she said to Marguerite beseechingly: "Aren't you the young lady from Mesnil?" And on being answered in the affirmative, "Well, then, it's the good Lord Himself has sent you. Oh, come quick, Mamzelle, if you will be so good, and see a poor man who may be dead this very minute! It is Nicolas, my own brother, Mamzelle! And to think I should have caught you in time! We saw you from the other side of the river, and Nicolas' wife and the women who were with us said to me: 'Luzelle' (that's my name, if you please. That is, it's what they call me, because my husband's name was Luzeau), 'Luzelle,' they said, 'that looks like the young lady from Mesnil, who knows so much about sick people. Go and fetch her.' And I didn't like to. I said to myself: 'A fine young lady like that won't want to come to poor people like us.' But they said: 'Yes, she will. She's not a bit proud, and she'll come if you ask her.'"

"Of course I'll go," said Marguerite, "I will go right away, and you can get into the carriage with us, so you will get home quicker."

"Oh! Mamzelle," said the poor woman gratefully, "they said you were not proud. I can see that for myself now."

We were not long getting ready. In a few minutes Fanfan was hitched up, and, all three packing ourselves as best we might in the little phaeton which was only made for two, we set off at full speed.

The home of these poor people was only about three hundred yards away, but it was on the other side of the river, and, as there was no way of crossing at that point, we had to make a détour of a mile and a half before we came to a bridge.

On the way the good woman kept repeating by way of encouragement: "Well, if death is on him already, he can't escape, that's sure; but if he's not dead now, he won't die yet awhile."

I could not help laughing at this philosophic refrain, and I know Marguerite would have liked to, by the way she bit her lips.

"Tell me what is the matter with your brother?" she said, trying to keep her countenance.

"Oh! Mamzelle, it would take magic to tell. You see the doctor at our place, Dr. Sorin, came this morning to see him, and left a big bottle of red medicine that cost fifteen sous, and he was to take it this evening. And there comes big Fine,¹ the girl at Laurent who works at the Sorinière farm and knows a lot, because she went three years to the Sisters' school,—well, big Fine looked at the bottle and she said that it had on it 'Shake well before giving this dose.' 'Lord,' she said to Nicolas' wife, my sister-in-law, 'we have to shake your man. It says so on the bottle.' And then, for we were not able, the three of us, Nicolas he is so very big and heavy, we got two women from the village to come and help us. And then we took him, two by the arms and two by the legs, and Fine at his head, and we shook him and shook him and shook him again. And at first he cried out like everything, but in the end he said nothing at all. And then we put him in bed again to give him his dose, but he couldn't take it, and he has

¹ Josephine.

been lying there ever since, as though he was dead. And then we saw you across the river, and they said: 'Luzelle, go over and fetch her,' and then I went after you!"

Marguerite herself burst out laughing. "Foolish people!" she said, "it was the medicine, not the sick man, you were to shake!"

"Lord! Perhaps so, Mamzelle. Then it's Dr. Sorin's fault, because he never told us."

Meanwhile Fanfan was devouring space, and in a few minutes we had covered the two miles which separated us from the home of these good people. On arriving we found the house crowded and the whole village in a turmoil. Nicolas, the well-shaken, who had fainted from the violent treatment administered by his well-meaning relatives, had recovered consciousness, and when Marguerite asked him how he did, he made answer in a strong, hearty voice: "Thank you kindly, lady. I don't know what all these women have been up to. Get them to leave me alone, and to bring me a swallow of wine and a little bite of pork. That's all I need."

We laughed heartily, for the appearance of the sick man was certainly reassuring. The women were full of excuses for having put us to so much trouble.

"Don't disturb yourselves about it," said Marguerite. "If it were not for you, we should not have had this very pleasant drive which we shall not soon forget."

As we made ready to depart, Nicolas' mother came forward with a magnificent eel, which her husband had caught the day before, and which she now offered Marguerite by way of honorarium. I had a horror of the creatures, and I began to make a horrible fuss and to beg my sister not to take that big snake into the phaeton. She was as much alarmed as I, and was very willing to forego the gift; so we resumed our way toward Mesnil in high spirits. So much so that we had to stop several times on the road to have our laugh out.

But what purpose is served by permitting my pen to run on so freely in recording the every-day occurrences of those good old times? Can there be any interest for the general reader in these silhouettes from Anjou, whose only merit lies in the simplicity and the unconsciousness of their subjects? Yet they tell me I should

do wrong to despise these wayside flowers. Lacking other perfume, they at least exhale that of sincerity, which is a quality that authors love to find. So I continue, setting at rest the misgivings which have suggested themselves.

Did you ever know Pastoureau and his wife, the good people who held the lease of the farm of Pâtis-Clouet under "Mamzelle Dumoulin"? Old man Pastoureau was, at the time of which I speak, somewhere about seventy-five years old, and his worthy better-half, "La Pastourelle," as the country people called her, was not far from the same age. They had lived fifty years on that farm, which they had leased the day of their marriage, and which they had never left. They had had twelve boys, who, in due time, established themselves in the commune of Saint-Laurent or in the neighboring parishes, so that before very many years the country round about was peopled with sturdy little "Pastoureaus" and pretty little "Pastourelles." There were one hundred and eighteen grandchildren, and great grandchildren, so I was told, at the time of the death of the old people. That same year, 1854, twenty-two Pastoureaus served under their country's flag at the same time. Naturally enough the grandparents were unable to recognize all their descendants, who popped up unexpectedly from every quarter, saluting them with a joyful: "Good-day, Grandpa! Good-day, Granny! Are you pretty well?"

Only the oldest of the family remained at Pâtis-Clouet with his wife and ten children. The land was productive enough to support all that large household.

Pastoureau and his wife lived in complete accord. A little cloud occasionally showed itself on their horizon when the old man would return home on a Sunday evening, his legs just "a grain" heavier than usual because of a somewhat prolonged rest at the inn. La Pastourelle would then grow hot. One day I heard her address her husband in a rousing philippic.

"There you are, drunk again, wicked man! I can tell you, if I had known this when we were being married, you'd still be waiting for my 'yes' before the parish priest!"

"You are mightily mistaken, my deary," replied Pastoureau peaceably, "this is not *drunk*. Don't talk about what you have never seen. You are lucky, let me tell you, to have happened

on a man like me! There are wives who have not done so well."

"Aren't you ashamed," pursued the old woman, "at your age to get yourself in such a state as this? Just you wait until you die, and you'll see whether the Good Lord doesn't send you straight to hell!"

Old Pastoureau shook his head gently and, after a moment's silence, said, "The Good Lord, mark it well, is not like you." Then he paused. "And lucky it is," he added; "otherwise—mercy on us!—we'd be in a bad way."

There the dispute ended, and there was fair weather all the week. It was truly a model household.

I remember well the celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary. It was magnificent! Abbé Berteaux, the first assistant pastor, had the church decorated. And when the time for Mass came, the church was as full of people as if it had been Sunday. The party started from Pâtis-Clouet amid the firing of bombs and shooting off of muskets. There was a regular procession. The twenty-two soldiers, who had obtained leave of absence for a week, were all there, and Abbé Berteaux placed them at the head of the cortège. After them came the long file of the hundred and eighteen Pastoureaus and Pastourelles. Next came the two old people and their twelve sons, all of whom were then living, and the pastor closed up the line, dressed in his best cassock in honor of the occasion.

After the ceremony, they marched back to Pâtis-Clouet, stopping on the way at Mesnil, where my aunt offered refreshments to the entire party. The soldiers and the heads of the different families were each served with a glass of cognac, while the women and children had *eau sucrée*.

Old Rose, who was extremely economical, required considerable urging before she would consent to dispense this hospitality, which she considered wasteful. In consequence, the allowance of liquor in each glass was almost infinitesimal. This niggardliness called forth from old Pastoureau a sally which was typical of Anjou. One of his sons remarked, smacking his lips after swallowing his own portion: "Famous stuff, that."

"Yes," replied the old man, "but there was only about enough to fill the bill of a blackbird."

The procession soon resumed the march to the farm, where a great feast had been prepared. All the families in good circumstances in the neighborhood had contributed to this monster banquet. Presents of eatables and of wine had come from every direction. The Comtesse de Saint-Julien sent an entire beef. It would take a second Homer to describe this prodigious repast, which lasted from one o'clock in the afternoon until six. Two hundred people were seated at the table of honor, which was set out-doors in front of the farm-house, and of that number exactly one hundred and thirty-two were Pastoureaus and Pastourelles. My aunt was seated on the right, my sister on the left of the patriarch. About four o'clock Marguerite and I went home, but my aunt stayed bravely on to the very end.

I shall finish the sketch of Pastoureau with a characteristic anecdote which took place a little before his death. The good man fell sick a few weeks after the celebration of his golden wedding. Grave symptoms soon made their appearance, and it was judged advisable to send for the priest. When he had received the last Sacraments, Pastoureau commenced his pious and sincere thanksgiving out loud.

"O, my Creator, O, my sweet Jesus," he exclaimed in perfectly audible tones, "how good You are to come and visit a creature like me! O, my kind Jesus, take me to Your holy Paradise, though I don't deserve it, just so I can see You forever without end."

At this moment his good wife came to him with a little water in which the priest had purified his fingers.

"I must drink that?" said Pastoureau.

"Yes, dear, the priest says so."

The old man obeyed, and then said in an undertone: "In faith it's more than fifty years since I took as much water." Then he continued his thanksgiving aloud: "O, my Creator," etc. The good soul quietly expired a few hours later.

And now would you like to see "*éclater sans pompe*" a rural idyl?

Picture to yourself the scene: a vast meadow enclosed by thick hedges which will permit us to see and hear the actors without restraining them by our presence. A public road runs

by the prairie, *la prée*, as they call it in Anjou. The gate which usually closes the entrance to the pasture has, through carelessness, been left open. At the other end of the field, a narrow lane between two hedges leads to the farm. It is four o'clock in the afternoon. The burning sun of July oppresses nature and mankind. The cattle browse lazily here and there upon the new-mown grass, already dried by the torrid rays of the dog-days' sun.

Mistress Auger, of the farm of St. Nicolas, and her daughter Victorine watch the herd. At their feet La Brie, the faithful dog, sleeps with one eye, and keeps the other on the animals committed to his care. The two women, like their dog, doze peacefully, while yonder, at the far end of the meadow, "the great white oxen "

couchés parmi les herbes,
Bavent avec lenteur sur leurs fanons épais,
Et suivent de leurs yeux languissants et superbes
Le songe intérieur qu'ils n'achèvent jamais.²

We were seated, Marguerite and I, upon a fresh carpet of moss, and I was enjoying at my leisure some delicious cherries, when all of a sudden a panic seized upon the herd, so peaceful up to that moment. I never knew what it was that frightened the animals, but off they started, altogether, with a terrible bellowing, their tails in mid-air. In one instant cows and oxen, bulls, heifers and calves tore in mad career across the field, and poured out upon the high road.

Mistress Auger and her daughter, aroused by the uproar, began at once to scream and shriek, urging on La Brie by voice and gesture to the exercise of his functions.

"La Brie!!! The cows, the cows! Good dog! Fetch 'em, fetch 'em! Bring them in! The cows, La Brie, the cows!"

But the cows are already some distance off, and La Brie may be seen, leaping to right and left, nipping an ear here and a leg there, and driving the herd straight away on the road to Angers.

At the sight of this the exasperation of the good women breaks

² Leconte de Lisle. *Midi roi des Étés.*

Couched in the grass

Move their huge jaws in rhythmic rumination

And with superb and languid eyes pursue

The fleeting vision which they ne'er achieve.

forth in maledictions upon the stupid animal. "La Brie, La Brie! Ah! the stupid dog! Here dog, here dog! Did you ever in your life see such a plague? La Brie, come home, sir!! He will take them all the way to Paris! Bad dog! Bad dog! We paid four pistoles for him and he is not worth a sou! La Brie, come here, sir! Ah! Bad dog!"

We laughed and laughed behind the hedge at the comic indignation of Mother Auger and her daughter. But suddenly a new element is introduced and the actors pass from rage to admiration, an eminently dramatic sentiment, if we are to believe the most competent critics.

La Brie, who was being maligned (which is the usual fate of genius here below), La Brie, understanding (if the word shocks you, provide me with a better), understanding, I say, the impossibility of making the herd turn about face, after a reflection made with the rapidity of lightning, decided to charge on the rear, which would drive his unruly subjects in a scientific curve up to the other entrance to the pasture. In like manner did the great Condé, suddenly inspired on the battlefield of Rocroy, improvise on the spot a new plan of attack, which changed defeat into victory.

A little later, when our two peasants had about exhausted the vocabulary of vituperation, they heard behind them the soft thunder of galloping hoofs, and in an instant they saw streaming out into the meadow the entire herd, once more safe within the enclosure, thanks to La Brie. The last harsh epithet, dying away upon their lips, gave place to a torrent of benedictions which continued for at least five minutes.

"La Brie! Ah! Good dog! And whoever would believe it! He can do everything but talk, and there are plenty that talk and know less than he does. Good dog! Ah! What a good dog! We paid four pistoles for him, but he's worth ten if he's worth a sou. Come here, La Brie, come here. You are almost as smart as people. Good dog! Ah! Good dog!"

There is much philosophy beneath all this—and psychology, too. How our judgment on a certain subject may alter in a short space of time! For my part, when I feel myself beginning to warm up either in favor or in condemnation, I sometimes stop before my feelings have become irresistible, and then I pull out

from beneath the ashes of time, the blurred silhouette of Mother Auger and Mademoiselle Victorine and La Brie, and I say to myself, smiling: "What a dog! Ah! What a dog!"

Another character was old Granny Rigollet, snake-killer by profession, and having, so they said, infallible remedies for snake-bites.

We had recourse to her one day, when old Tom was bitten by a snake. The poor animal swelled up immediately and we were afraid he was going to die. We were away out in the country, at least six miles from Mesnil. Fortunately Marguerite never went without her little medicine case. She at once made a deep incision in the wounded part, and poured in volatile salts. One would have thought that the poor dog knew that the pain was for his good. He bore without flinching the sharp stab of the lancet, and when Marguerite had finished, he licked her hand. We had great trouble getting him into the phaeton, for the poor beast was quite helpless. We were in a great hurry to get him home.

"I will stop at Granny Rigollet's," said Marguerite. "They say she has good remedies for snake poison. I have not much faith in them, but we can see what they are."

As soon as the old woman saw us, she exclaimed, tragically: "Another sin at the door of those miserable vipers! Is it you, Mamzelle, or the little boy that's bitten? No, it's the dog. So much the better. At least it's not a Christian they have hold of this time! Now, Mamzelle, you must tell me the place where the dog was bitten, and what time he was bitten. Then to-morrow I will go at exactly the same time to that place and wait for the vermin, because he will come out then to look for the dog in the same place where he bit him before. He must be killed; see? Or else the poison will keep on working in your dog. Those creatures always take their poison with them. If they move this way or that way the poison moves the same way, and that's why it never stops working in the people that are bitten. But if the vermin is dead, then the poison can't move any more, and the people get well—animals, too. Let me tell you. You know Madame Huchet of La Faisanderie? Well, she had a pig that was bitten, too, if you please, by a viper—it was a red one, I think

—right in the nose. You know how pigs always will go with their snouts to the ground! And there was Madame Huchet a-weeping and a-wailing. ‘O! my pig,’ she said, ‘my pig that was getting on so nice; there it is done for! And isn’t it a shame? You could see the beast fattening before your very eyes.’ ‘La Huchet,’ I said to her, ‘you must kill the vermin. She did what I told her, and the poison didn’t work any more, and she saved her pig; and they only just killed it Friday, and are making blood-pudding this minute.’

“And is that your only remedy?” said Marguerite to Granny Rigollet, laughing.

“Yes, Mamzelle. You only need one to cure with. That’s the only one I’ve got, but it’s a mighty good one. Just try it, and you will see.”

“And now how much do I owe you?”

“Two farthings, Mamzelle, for telling you my secret, and six farthings more if I kill the snake.”

As we had no farthings about us, we gave the old woman two sous, and continued our way to Mesnil. The salts, moreover, had taken effect. Three days later Tom was on his feet once more. The venom, it seemed, had stopped “working.”

JEAN CHARRUAU, S.J.

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Materialism and Present Science.—Some very interesting expressions of Sir Oliver Lodge, who is very well known on both sides of the water as one of the most distinguished of electrical scientists in England, have attracted widespread attention because of their exhibition of a state of scientific opinion in quite the opposite direction to the materialism which was more or less the fashion a quarter of a century or more ago. Professor Lodge has been aroused by the recent observations on radium and helium that seem at last to point out not alone the possibility, but the actual occurrence of the transmutation of one chemical element into another. These new discoveries are really bringing modern science much closer to the old scholastic system of thinking as to the composition of matter than is usually believed. At the present time there is almost conviction on the part of most scientists that all matter consists of one kind of inert material differentiated in the manifestations we know as chemical elements by the dynamics or force qualities that are inherent in certain forms of matter. This is practically the prime matter and form theory of the old scholastics—prime matter undifferentiated and force as the differentiating dynamic principle.

Professor Lodge, however, does not see it that way, but presents some rather startling speculations that smack rather of the older pantheists. He says:

“There are those who have surmised that matter is, after all, only the weapon and vehicle of mind. The way it interprets itself to our consciousness through the organs of sense gives no clue to its nature. A motion and alteration of the configuration of the molecules of our brain are believed to accompany every act of thought. It will be, at any rate, a suggestive analogy if a material process of an essentially similar sort is found to be occurring throughout what we know as the inorganic worlds—the world of dead matter—and we should begin to ask, Does all this motion correspond to some universal thought or mental activity likewise?”

How different is this to the expression of Tyndall who found in matter the promise and potency of all things and who considered that matter was the only thing we really knew anything about. Now we are arrived at the opposite pole and most of the great scientists concede that matter is the most elusive of subjects to deal with. The pendulum still swings.

Spencer's Last Book.—Now that Mr. Spencer is dead, critics will be less sparing of their condemnation of many parts of his last book, *Facts and Comments*,¹ than while he was alive, for it seemed to no purpose to hurt the old man's feelings. He had planned to make a philosophy for all time, and it culminated in this series of essays more full of cranks and oddities and queer-nesses than almost any other book that has recently been issued. In this last book he showed that he was just one of the thinkers who insist on their own ideas, in spite of their disagreement with the great majority of men, and notwithstanding the fact that their theories have been proved to be utterly impractical by the experience of their own generation.

With regard to medical and sanitary matters, particularly, Herbert Spencer was a heretic of the deepest dye. It has recently been called to renewed attention that those who disagree with the modern theories of sanitation and protection from the spread of disease are much more likely to be queer folk with regard to religion and anything else that must be accepted on authority, than members of the community who are supposedly much less intelligent than they. Mr. Spencer believed in absolute freedom in the matter of medical practice, which is an excellent theory, but which works out in practice in allowing those who care only for the money in it to exploit their suffering fellow-men, as only such poor too willing victims can be exploited. He did not believe at all in vaccination, and considered that all the statistics in support of it failed to make out a case in its favor.

There are many men yet alive who were, as young men, strongly influenced by Herbert Spencer's taking way of putting certain teachings, especially those which proclaim the end of dogmatic religion, and replace it by a sublimed agnosticism. Now that so many mistakes and misconstructions and the complete

¹ Appleton & Co., New York, 1902.

failure of his life-work have come to be admitted, it would be interesting to know just what the thoughts of such men are. They gave up their faith in the old order to submit their intellects even more blindly to the new teacher, who has proved to be so human in his fallibility. It is a lesson that each generation of men apparently has to learn for itself. Otherwise there might be some hope that the rise and the passing of Spencerism would be a lesson for another generation to be a little patient and to remember that the old order of ideas has passed through many a fiery furnace of criticism and denial, and yet is the only system of thought that will satisfy the majority of men and prove helpful to them in the trials and difficulties of life.

Even Mr. Spencer himself came to recognize this toward the end, and it is one of the great sane passages of *Facts and Comments* in which he made the admission. In his earlier life he had insisted on man's duty to express the thoughts that came to him, heedless of the effect such expression might have in disturbing old-time beliefs that had proved and were proving helpful to fellow-men in the trials of life. It even seemed that the "thinker" was bound all the more to speak right out because his fellows were coddling themselves with what to his higher mind were false hopes. Accordingly he laid it down as a fundamental doctrine for him who would be a disciple of his that :

"He must remember that, while he is a child of the past, he is a parent of the future, and that his thoughts are as children born to him which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause ; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief."

Later he added :

"Not as adventitious therefore will the wise man regard the faith which is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter."

So Mr. Spencer wrote forty years ago. In his last work, already mentioned, he returns to the same topic, but is no longer so sure or optimistic. He has lived and suffered. He has real-

ized how little life is worth living for most men without the hope of a hereafter. He has caught a higher sympathy with his fellows. He has realized his own fallibility. Now he says :

"Sympathy commands silence toward all who, suffering under the ills of life, derive comfort from their creed ; while it forbids the dropping of hints that may shake their faiths, it suggests the evasion of questions which cannot be discussed without unsettling their hope. . . . And there are many who stagger under the exhausting burden of daily duties, fulfilled without thanks and without sympathy, who are enabled to bear their ills from the conviction that after this life will come a life free from pains and weariness. Nothing but evil can follow a change in the creed of such ; and, unless cruelly thoughtless, the agnostic will carefully shun discussing religious subjects with them."

We confess we like the last state of mind better than the first, though many of his disciples found it illogical and hinted, as is always the case when the old scientists, as they inevitably do, become more orthodox, that senility was clouding the Master's mind.

Rewards for Original Research.—Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, suffered not a little from straitened circumstances during the time of the investigation. The greatest care was necessary in order to enable herself and her husband to live within their income. Now that recognition of their magnificent discovery has come, rewards are pouring in that will make the little family quite independent of their ordinary surroundings. One of the Nobel Prizes in physics was divided between her and M. Becquerel, the discoverer of the Becquerel rays, and the first to call attention to the latent radio-activity of certain metals. As this prize amounts to \$40,000 in all, there will be \$20,000 to Madame Curie's credit. Besides this she has recently been given the prize for the most noteworthy French contribution to science which is given periodically through the Paris Press Association. This also has been divided, however, but Madame Curie receives the larger share. The prize is 100,000 francs, of which she receives 60,000 francs, or nearly twelve thousand dollars. The sharer in the prize is M. Branly, the French scientist who has made a number of practical

advances in wireless telegraphy. Altogether then within the last few months Madame Curie has received about \$32,000. Not a bad reward for her five years of labor in the investigation of the radio-active metals.

Astronomy and the New Star in Perseus.—The new century was not quite two months old, when in the early morning of Washington's Birthday, 1901, a new star suddenly blazed out in the Constellation Perseus. Its increase of brilliancy was so rapid that within twenty-four hours it reigned supreme as the brightest star of the Northwestern Hemisphere, with a brightness exceeding that of even a star of the first magnitude. "The New Star of the New Century," as it was called, began to decline almost as suddenly as it had arisen. Within a very few days it took on a red tinge, somewhat reminding the observer of the light from Mars; and this tinge it maintained for several months. At times during these months there were brilliant displays of light from the new star, and then it gradually fell back to its former obscurity until no more has been seen of it. In the meantime, however, astronomers had made some very interesting observations with regard to the new star and, besides, had made some very valuable deductions with regard to the neighborhood of the star in the heavens and the character of certain nebulous masses whose existence had been only an hypothesis before.

Although it was seen by this world first in 1901, the calculations of astronomers seem to point to the conclusion that the cataclysm in the universe which caused this star to flare out, occurred during the first years of the seventeenth century,—nearly a score of years before the pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock and probably about the time that the first English settlement was made at Jamestown. There are those who insist that the exact year of its birth was 1605, when Shakespeare, at the height of his popularity, had just completed the great tragedies which more than any other of his plays were to show his greatness. Though the star lived and died nearly three centuries ago, and though our means of communication was over a beam of light, which travels at the rate of 185,000 miles per second, the tidings of the birth reached us only now.

Perhaps the most important feature in the observations made

upon the new star are those which are concerned with nebulæ. Under the present system of photographing the heavens regularly and persistently, the condition of any portion at any given time in the past few years can be absolutely determined by reference to one of the photographic collections. After the birth of a new star, photographs taken of it and its vicinity showed the presence of a nebula, which had never been noted on any of the photographic plates before. The conclusion was, not that the new star had created the nebula, but that it had blazed forth in the midst of a dead nebulous mass, and had lighted it up into the brilliancy which caused it to be outlined on the photographic plate. The existence of dead nebulæ, that is, without light of their own, was established beyond a doubt. It is well-known now that there are certain dead stars, possessing no brightness of their own, and reflecting no light from other bodies, and only recognized by obscurations and partial eclipses that they occasion. Some of the peculiar stars which shine with a much greater brilliancy at one time than another, are now considered to be double stars, one of which is a dark body, and consequently obscures the light from its twin whenever it comes between it and the earth.

Further photographic observations led to another very interesting and valuable discovery. The form of the nebula had apparently changed to a very great extent in the meantime. This change would indicate that portions of the nebulous mass had moved nearly 200,000 miles per second during the period intervening between the two photographs, or else, what seemed more likely, that the lights, travelling from the new star, now illuminated portions which had not been seen before,—just as the sun illuminates peak after peak of a mountain range when rising in the morning. This gave a very good idea of the immensity of the nebulous mass and has proved very suggestive for astronomers.

Scintillations of Radium.—Radium continues to occupy the centre of the stage of scientific discussion. In *Science* for January 29, 1904, Mr. R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, discusses the phenomenon of the scintillation of the phosphorescent screen under the influence of the radium bombardment which was first described by Sir William Crookes. It was suggested immediately after the first demonstration of these scintillations that they

represent microscopic cleavages which are occurring in the crystals. The distinguished French physicist, Becquerel, whose discoveries with regard to radiant metals were so important, accepted this theory. Sir William Crookes, however, is rather of the opinion that the flashes are produced by the impact of the individual electrones which constitute the alpha rays. The fact that hundreds of flashes appear every few seconds and the action shows no signs of abatement after several months, makes it difficult to believe that each flash represents a split in the crystal unless one is prepared to accept the doctrine of infinite divisibility.

In order that teachers of physics may have the opportunity of witnessing and demonstrating this phenomenon of radium, Mr. Wood has prepared about two dozen small apparatuses which he will be very glad to pass around among colleagues on the condition that they be promptly returned. A self-addressed envelope with four cents in postage affixed should accompany each application, and if the directions given by Mr. Wood are faithfully followed, one of the most interesting phenomena of modern science can be readily seen. His idea is to have these specimens circulated among teaching institutions, and applications will be filled in the order in which they are received, the limited number of plates, two dozen in all, being likely to cause more or less delay in complying with requests. The prompt return of the specimens, however, will effectually secure very general satisfaction in this regard.

The Turbine Engine.—Not long ago some one said in the hearing of Mr. George Westinghouse, who has done more for the practical development of electricity in this country than perhaps any other, that the turbine engine was the engine of the future. He replied at once, "No, it is not the engine of the future, it *is* the engine of the present." As a matter of fact, over one hundred thousand horse-power put into force in this country last year was in the shape of turbine engines.

The rise of the turbine is one of the most interesting phases of modern applied science. Some three or four hundred years before Christ it was known to the Greek philosophers and was used as a toy. Three or four hundred years ago various investigators in physics constructed models of engines on a turbine

principle, some of them even run by steam. At no time during the nineteenth century was it considered that the turbine engine was likely to be of any practical utility until during the last decade some turbine engines were put in small steamboats for the purpose of securing high speed. This attracted the attention of the electrical manufacturers who have been looking for high-speed engines to run their dynamos and have reached the limit of the capacity of the ordinary model steam engine to give speed without great vibration and consequent racking of the machinery and excessive waste of heat.

At the present time the contracts being made for turbines of large size are simply enormous. As a rule the placing of these steam turbine engines is accompanied by provisos that failure of the machines to do their guaranteed work or liability to get out of order entails very great loss, and even, at times, action in damages because of incompetence to supply what is contracted for. This shows the confidence in the new engine. The reasons for this confidence in the turbine are founded on very trustworthy experience. There are many striking advantages in the turbine engine. The most striking is the extraordinarily high speed which can be obtained. A turbine engine built more than ten years ago of only ten horse-power was able to maintain a speed of 18,000 revolutions a minute. Since then turbines have been constructed with a speed of over 20,000 revolutions a minute. Notwithstanding this awful speed there is very little vibration and no tendency of the machine to move from its bed because of the speed. Some German tests have shown that a 2,000 horse-power turbine engine could be placed on a floor without bolts or fastenings of any kind and run for many days without at all shifting from its original position.

After one hundred years of confidence on the part of mechanicians and scientists that the only feasible plan was to develop the ordinary reciprocating engine to its highest utility, there is now a complete swing of the pendulum, and we are to go back to a type constructed as a toy over two thousand years ago and exhibited in several forms three hundred years ago. There are not many things in scientific progress that will illustrate better than this the fallibility of human judgment with regard to scientific principles and their application.

Studies and Conferences.

OUR WORDS IN SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

A word is not a mere matter of letters or syllables—an airy trifle—which, lightly conceived, may be uttered as easily and irresponsibly as we draw our breath. For there is this difference between a breath and a word, that, though we live by our breath, yet once it is sent forth, it is dead and is practically of no consequence to ourselves or to others; but a word is a living thing, the embodiment, the expression of a man's thought, of his opinion and judgment; it is an act of the mind projected into the world of souls, where it does an unknown work for good or for evil. Affecting profoundly, as it well may, one soul or many, it touches the imagination, moulds feeling, directs life, and so it exercises an influence that lasts perhaps even into eternity. Words clothing thoughts that are inspired by a love of truth and virtue, fulfil their legitimate function, bear desirable fruit, and are alone worth listening to. They are not "idle words," they work, and their work shall stand on the day that is to exact an account of every utterance of the tongue. *Think twice, speak once.*

I.—SHUN THE SCANDAL-MONGER.

There are degrees of evil in the speaking of scandal and in listening to it. The scandal-monger is tolerated because he is feared; but in secret he is hated. If it is true that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, what shall we say of the heart that is full of uncharitableness and of the mouth that speaks ill of the absent, that inflicts a serious wound on the character? A man may be witty, courteous, agreeable, educated, well-dressed—quite a brilliant person—but if he takes a pleasure in retailing scandal, he must often be the cause of wounds harder to heal than injuries inflicted with bullet or knife. And yet he speaks in a perfectly well-bred manner, and it is not necessary for him to stab the character with a stiletto-like word, he may do it by the lifting of an eye-brow, a nod, a shrug, or by simple silence.

Detraction arises when evil that is true, but unknown, is uttered ; if the evil is false, the utterance is a calumny. In each there is a violation of both justice and charity. A sin of injustice entails the obligation of restitution, or reparation of the injury inflicted. Sometimes there may be a grievous violation of the law of charity without a sin of injustice. To speak of the misdeeds of one who is universally known to have lost his character is no injustice, but, in certain circumstances, a person may thus sin against charity, and common sense should warn us when to exercise self-restraint. If a man wants common sense, there is no stopping him ; he will talk and do mischief. To make a sin mortal, it is not necessary that the character should be utterly ruined, or blasted—a very serious or notable lowering of the character would suffice. To listen to backbiting or calumny is not the same as simply hearing it. We listen when we take deliberate interest in what is said, and we may do so out of malice or hatred, or from curiosity. When those whom we envy or dislike are the subject of conversation, we need to be on our guard, and to abstain from putting curious questions. The world is full of depraved hearts, and the heart is the rudder of the tongue. Before pointing out others' faults, let us reform ourselves, and then each heart will be like that of Christ—gentle, strong, compassionate, loving, and full of reverence of God and men.

It is true that a perfect man offends not in word ; it is also true that an acknowledgment of our want of perfection is no excuse for giving free reign to our tongues and saying what we like of our neighbor. Nor does hearty praise of him in one respect give us the right to run him down in some other. Uncharitable talk does not prove that we are ourselves free from the faults we point out, but it proves beyond doubt that our heart is in a bad state and that we have an overweening (and therefore false) opinion of ourselves.

If we have a faulty tongue, every effort to reform it will win us larger Divine help. A wise man does at once what reason says should be done without delay and with one's whole heart. The Germans say :

Reiner Mund und treue Hand
Gehen durch das ganze Land.

“A clean mouth and an honest hand
Will take a man through any land.”

II.—PRAISE JUDICIOUSLY.

As a flower opens out and rejoices in the sunlight, so the heart is enlarged and strengthened by generous praise. Cheerfulness, courage and energy are the blessings which we confer, when we praise a work that is well and faithfully done. Praise should be brief and to the point, without exceptions or limitations. Extremes must be shunned. Some shrink from speaking any word of commendation; others, overshooting the mark, give too much praise and defeat their own object. To praise heartily noble actions, is in some sort to share in them; and while difficult tasks undoubtedly make great men, it is no less certain that we can induce men to undertake them only by that highest praise which is contained in sympathy and unreserved trust. So Isabella of Castile encouraged Columbus to dare hardships and peril, and he discovered a new world.

III.—GENTLENESS OF SPEECH.

A safe rule in social intercourse is—Never blame. Blame, of itself, depresses, discourages, lessens strength and energy, and taketh away stomach for initiating or undertaking difficult enterprises. A censorious talker indulges in sweeping condemnations. He is a generator of sadness and gloom. With him every mote is a beam, every fault a crime, every public trouble an incipient revolution. Quintillian calls exaggeration “an elegant surpassing of the truth;” others call it a species of lying. A good substitute for it is a sane moderation. The basis of a criticising or carping spirit is a bad kind of pride. The habit of condemnation marks an inferior mind, which has not wit enough to discover and appreciate what is excellent. In a gold mine or a diamond field any one can see the dirt; it is not everyone that can find the gold or the diamonds. The lightest word of one who has authority over others who live with him has often weight enough to make or mar their happiness. Such a one is under an obligation to be circumspect, and to examine even a jest, which yet may have enough truth to wound and dishearten.

All can see how blameworthy is rudeness or impertinence, and there is much truth in Emerson's strictures on bad behavior:

"Bad behavior the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradicters and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight. I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them, or say something which they do not understand; then the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the persevering talker who gives you his society in large, saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, who relies on you to find him ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe of absurdity; these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be intrusted to the restraining force of custom, and proverbs, and familiar rules of behavior impressed on young people in their school days."¹

IV.—DISTINCTION AND HIGHMINDEDNESS.

Johnson's remark is well known: "Burke is such a man, that if you meet him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside for shelter but for five minutes, he would talk to you in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'"

To be gracious and attractive gains universal good will, and enables one to give pleasure and to do more good. There is a magic about courtesy that enhances friendly words and kind acts, and wins friends. Courtesy, however, must be natural and modest. An artificial manner shows that we are not at our ease, or it springs from affectation, which is both vulgar and wearisome.

The art of conversation needs attention and study. It does not require great cleverness, though it exacts that a man have a headpiece; and discretion and tact are better than eloquence or extraordinary talent. It is easier to those who, from elevation of mind, have a high ideal and try to live up to it. For, as a rule,

¹ Conduct of Life.

they will not be little-minded ; they will know how to overlook trifling blemishes in others, to display a certain sympathy and geniality, and in their speech and manners to be generous, noble, and refined. They avoid what is unseemly, or indirectly rude, and their self-respect is the strictest censor of their words and actions. They never do a gracious thing ungraciously, and if they are compelled to refuse, they do so with such gentle courtesy that the refusal never leaves a sting.

Where genuine Christian charity is united with a gentle heart, it imparts a magnanimity that refines the whole being, and makes it easy to obey the injunction given to the novice in some Religious Orders, that he should treat all as if they were princes whom he met for the first time, and from whom he was soon to part never to meet again.

Modest and heartfelt courtesy has been well called the magnet of hearts.

M. WATSON, S.J.

THE HOLY SEE AND THE NEW TEXT OF THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has issued the following Decree *Urbis et orbis*.

Our Holy Father Pius X, by the " Motu proprio " of November 22d, in the form of an " Instruction on Sacred Music," has happily restored the ancient Gregorian Chant, as found in the codices, to its former use in the churches, and has at the same time collected into one body the principal regulations laid down for the advancement or restoration of the sanctity and dignity of the Sacred Chant in the churches. To this body, as a Juridical Code of Sacred Music, he has given by his Apostolic authority the force of law for the Universal Church. Wherefore the Holy Father through this Sacred Congregation of Rites commands and ordains that the said " Instruction " be received and most religiously observed by all churches, all privileges and exceptions whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding—even those calling for special mention, such as the privileges and exceptions conceded by the Apostolic See to the chief basilicas of the city, and particularly to the Sacred Lateran Church. So, too, are revoked all privileges and approbations by which other more recent forms of the liturgical chant were introduced by the Apostolic See and by this Congregation, in

accordance with circumstances of time and place. His Holiness has been pleased to allow that these more recent forms of the liturgical chant may be lawfully retained and sung in these churches until without the briefest delay (*quamprimum fieri poterit*) the ancient Gregorian Chant according to the codices may be put in their place. Everything to the contrary notwithstanding.

Concerning all this the Holy Father Pope Pius X has ordered this Sacred Congregation of Rites to issue the present decree. January 8, 1904.

L. † S. SERAPHINUS CARDINAL CRETONI,
Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

† DIOMEDES PANICI,
Archbishop of Laodicea; Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

In the last number of THE DOLPHIN we published a letter from "Ignavus," making an eloquent plea for personal zeal among American Catholics in behalf of the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith." The letter, together with the check for \$100.00 that accompanied it, was sent by us to the Rev. J. A. Walsh, Director of the Society in the Archdiocese of Boston, whose article had prompted the generous impulse of "Ignavus." If we here print Father Walsh's answer, addressed to THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW, the sister magazine of THE DOLPHIN, our readers will readily understand the motive.

To the Editor of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW.

Rev. Dear Sir.—Your letter has brought to me from "Ignavus" his generous gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and his appreciative words. The gift I have already forwarded to the General Director, Dr. Freri, to be properly credited to the diocese of the benefactor; the words I will keep for my own encouragement.

As the medium through which "Ignavus" was impressed and the missions thereby helped to the extent of one hundred dollars (possibly more—who knows?), I thank you for your own share and, through you, I thank him for the fulfilment of his charitable impulse. I regret that "Ignavus" must remain "Ignotus," but I am glad for my own satis-

faction to learn who he is. The name is widely and favorably known, which certainly emphasizes still more strongly the fact that even our best and most cultured priests are not fully awake to the ever present and urgent needs of Catholic Foreign Missions.

"Ignavus" has suggested that the "REVIEW lend itself to the good work by opening a subscription list," and your footnote says very truly that the *Annals* already serve this purpose. As a matter of fact, however, there are many readers of the REVIEW, and of THE DOLPHIN, who never see the *Annals*; or who, seeing, never read them, being constantly preoccupied with other concerns, so that the stimulus which comes through the perusal of mission news and subscription list is lost upon such. As a rule, those who read the *Annals* are already supporters of the good cause.

It has often occurred to me, that if a page of the REVIEW could be regularly devoted to Mission Notes and News, much good would result. On this page could be noted the awakened or progressive interest of our various dioceses in the work of missions, *e. g.*, diocesan appointments to missionary service, successful methods of organization, etc. Short paragraphs of news could also be given, including statistics of work accomplished in the mission fields. How many of us, even of the clergy, realize, for example, that in China alone there are nearly five hundred native Catholic priests, our brothers in Christ, as validly ordained as we are—perhaps more worthy of the sublime office than we ourselves—that these, together with the European priests, are ministering to-day to at least 1,000,000 Catholic Chinese.

Brief items of this nature would prepare the way for an occasional article, more exhaustive in its character, which would be then more widely read, and doubtless more fully appreciated.

Perhaps, too, the REVIEW would welcome, from time to time, the insertion of a photographic object-lesson in mission results. A picture of "Japanese Nuns and Novices," recently distributed in the Archdiocese of Boston to the extent of many thousand copies, was the subject of much interested comment, and has already been decidedly fruitful in results.

In making these suggestions, I have purposely used the general title of Mission Notes, because our missionary societies for national needs might properly claim a place on this page by the side of the world-wide organization, which may well be looked upon as the generous mother of them all. Perhaps, too, the addresses of the great mission centres in the United States could be kept in the REVIEW, and also in THE DOLPHIN,

for the benefit of the readers who do not know how to get in touch with these societies, or who, if they wait to learn, may fail to give.

Thanking you sincerely for the kind offer of your valuable space,

I am, fraternally yours in Christ,

JAMES ANTHONY WALSH,

*Director of the "Society for the Propagation of
the Faith," in the Archdiocese of Boston.*

"DEVILS IN DRY PLACES."

A DIFFICULTY IN THE GOSPEL.

Qu. On the third Sunday in Lent the Gospel in the Mass is taken from St. Luke (11: 14-28). Every time it is read from the altar during the last few years I have asked myself what is meant by our Lord's reply to the Jews when, after His having cured the dumb person, they charged Him with casting out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils," He says, "by whom do your children (sons) cast them out?" What did our Lord mean? Do children cast out devils, or did they among the Jews in times past have such a particular gift?

In the same Gospel our Lord speaks of an unclean spirit who, when he is gone out of a man, "walketh through places without water seeking rest." What does "places without water" signify in this connection?

Resp. The difficulty with reference to "children casting out devils" rests upon a somewhat inaccurate rendering in our English version of the Greek text. St. Luke uses the word *υἱοὶ*, which is commonly translated as *sons*, but which has a much wider signification and is frequently used in classical Greek for *one among* or *a follower, a disciple*. Now among the Jews the class of exorcists, whose function it was to dispel evil spirits, was recognized as having a divine sanction. As David had by the charm of his music, which in the Hebrew sense was a form of divine invocation (psalms) or as we say "incantation," dispelled the dark spirits from the heart of Saul, so in later times were youths of innocent lives and dedicated to the service of God supposed to possess the power of exorcising. St. Justin Martyr states (*Dial. c. Tryph.*) that this was done in the name of Yahwe, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and

Jacob. That the practice gave rise to superstition and even profanation, and that the power to charm away apparent evil and to conjure up seeming good was exercised by the aid of evil spirits, are equally evident from what the Gospels say of Simon Magus and from various passages in the Acts of the Apostles. Christ then refutes the slander against Him by reference to the power which the Jews attributed to any man of blameless life, and as His works and His doctrine were good, He claimed to be judged by them. The justice of this claim is immediately attested in the sentence that follows our Lord's answer, for "as He spoke these things, a certain woman from the crowd, lifting up her voice, said to Him : Blessed is the womb that bore Thee," etc.

As to the meaning of unclean spirits walking through places without water to seek rest, our Lord simply illustrates the character of diabolical temptation by reference to a popular superstition among the Jews and Egyptians. According to the descriptions by the prophets of the desolation which was to attend Babylon, and that meant all those who had departed from the covenant of Israel, their homes and hearts would become as deserts without water. Now places without water were, according to the Jewish mind, the ordinary haunts of evil spirits, because it became impossible there to perform the legal purifications and ablutions prescribed before prayer. A common Jewish superstition had, since the exile, identified the chief enemy of life and innocence with a female demon *Lilith*, who, moving about like a shifting poisonous night wind, sought to bring destruction to the life of purity among the devout assembled, as was the custom especially on Sabbath days, near some river bank for prayer. Thus whilst the ordinary haunt of the demon is the desert place, his malice finds no rest until he comes to where the Hebrew observes the legal ceremonial indicative of purity. The passage may thus be adapted to an illustration of the activity of the tempter among the baptized, where the regenerating and purifying waters of the Sacrament are to be found.

THE ABBÉ KLEIN ON THE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS LAW
IN FRANCE.

The Abbé Felix Klein, Professor of French Literature in the Catholic University of Paris, in an article entitled "Religious Associations and the French Government," which appears in the current number of the *North American Review*, discusses the Associations Law and the manner in which it has been applied by the French Government. He shows that the law in itself is unjust and that the manner of its application has been arbitrary and illegal. It is decreed that religious associations cannot be formed "without authorization given by a law determining the conditions under which they operate"; and even if they have been authorized, "they cannot found any new establishment except by virtue of a decree given in the *Conseil d'Etat*." Moreover, the text of the law continues, "the dissolution of a Congregation, or the closing of any Establishment, may be pronounced by a decree given in the Council of Ministers." In a word, the establishments conducted by the Religious Congregations, although every one of them may have been duly authorized according to law, are yet left entirely at the mercy of the Government's executive branch. The author asks, "Can Americans understand that an institution authorized by a law of Congress may be suppressed at the will of the Cabinet?"

The enforcement of the Associations Law has passed all bounds in severity—so much so, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau, its principal author, declared that it has been applied in a manner altogether contrary to the intentions of its framers. The first step beyond the limits of the law was the closing of schools conducted by duly authorized Congregations; the next, the declaration that an authorization was necessary every time a Religious, even if authorized and acting alone, wished to open a new establishment; the third, the suppression of schools founded without authorization previously to the passing of the law by an authorized Congregation. Furthermore, the law has been employed by the Government to trap the Congregations; and the required statement of the condition of their affairs has been used to their undoing. For, after rendering an account of the number and names of their members, and of the amount of their property, and asking for authori-

zation, it was refused them; they have been unable to save any of their possessions, and, as each member is known to the Ministry, it is impossible for him to remain in France without suffering vexatious annoyances. This is the condition of affairs—a whole category of citizens in a civilized country have been forced to submit to the violation of their elementary rights. It is a long step backward in history. It is the denial of the principle of individual liberty, and therefore a blow at the existence of the Republic. If the men at the head of the French Government, concludes the Abbé Klein, “persevere in the baneful course they have marked out, they will surely, sooner or later, bind together the idea of Republicanism with the idea of Tyranny, and render possible the domination of a new Cæsar. To-day in France the enemies of Religion are the enemies of the Republic.”

THE SECRET.

Qu. Can you give a satisfactory reason for the name used for the prayers or collects in the Mass which follow immediately after the offertory. I have read somewhere that the word *secrets* was given to these prayers because they were recited by the celebrant of the Mass in a low tone of voice, and that at one time the priest at the altar retired behind the veil that shrouded the sanctuary, so as to pronounce the mysterious words of consecration, apart from the gaze of the congregation. But the first reason does not appeal to the average mind, I think, when it is remembered that many other prayers—the whole canon in fact of the Mass—is recited in a subdued voice by the celebrant. Why should these particular prayers, which have no direct reference to the consecration, and therefore cannot be connected with the supposed retirement of the priest behind the veil in order to pronounce the words which effect the transubstantiation of the offered bread and wine be singled out for the name *Secret*?

Resp. The objection is well founded, if we seek the explanation of the term *secreta* as found in the old missals, in either of the above-mentioned reasons. Dom Cabrol, the learned author of *Le livre de la Prière antique* which is quoted in Mr. Cowley Clarke's admirable *Liturgical Notes*, suggests a much better reason. In the present order of the Mass the priest, having said

the Creed, or if the Creed is not said, after the Gospel and the "Dominus vobiscum," in a loud voice says or chants "Oremus," thus inviting the congregation to prayer. But instead of a prayer, he at once recites the offertory, which is not a prayer but an antiphon or verse taken, like the Introit, from the Psalms or some of the Sapiential books of Scripture. This sentence is said, not in a subdued voice, but in the same clear tones as the "Oremus," and the choir chants it aloud. Immediately after this the priest prepares the oblation of the bread and wine.

What then is the meaning of the "Oremus"? In the ancient Church it was an invitation to the congregation to pray in silence. As soon as the offertory verse had been pronounced, the faithful bent their heads, extended their arms and placed, so to speak, their own personal heart-offerings and necessities upon the altar in conjunction with the oblation made by the priest. None but the faithful remained for this solemn moment when every sound was hushed in the inward devotion of each heart uniting their petitions with the celebrant who offers the Immaculate Host at the altar. Then, after the priest has concluded the offertory, he turns once more to the faithful and says aloud to them: "Orate fratres." They have each formulated their petitions in their own hearts. He will now gather these prayers into one and put them upon the oblation ready prepared for consecration. And in doing so he himself uses the form of the *Secreta*, one or more prayers voicing the silent devotion of the congregation. But he does so in the same subdued voice in which they had uttered the longings of their hearts. Thus the *Secreta*, now said without any further introduction of the "Oremus" customary for the collects recited aloud, are in reality the old prayer styled the *Oratio fidelium* said usually with face turned toward the East (where the altar was according to the prescriptions of the liturgy) and bowed down or prostrate on the ground. After this the kiss of peace, still preserved in our choir ceremonies, was given to the faithful, as if to strengthen the bond of charity in which all were held by the love of Christ offering Himself as a holocaust and eucharistic medium to the Eternal Father. "Il y a donc ici un hiatus," writes the learned Benedictine of Farnborough, speaking of the offertory. "Dans l'ancienne liturgie c'était le moment d'une prière. Les

fidèles se tenaient debout, les bras étendus, les yeux levés au ciel, comme ces orantes peintes sur les murs des catacombes, ou bien ils se prosternaient et priaient en silence. Puis le prêtre prenait la parole au nom des fidèles."

It is true also that in the old Sacramentary of St. Gregory the *Secreta* are styled "Super Oblata." They formed, so to speak, the beginning of the Sacred Mystery of Transubstantiation, and were pronounced amid reverential silence, the congregation of the faithful joining in the prayer, whilst, as has been said, they formulated their own petition. The intonation of the sweet melody of the *Per omnia saecula saeculorum* with the following preface was the signal that the silent oblation was ended, and invited the people to raise their hearts with the priest in gratitude, and for a short moment the exultation of thankful hearts and voices is heard ascending, to join with angelic choirs above, in the *Sanctus*. Then the silence continues, and the act, begun in the *Secreta*, the silent prayer of the heart, reaches its climax in the hushed mystery of the consecration.

NAME AND EMBLEMS OF THE FREEMASONS.

Qu. Is there any foundation for the statement that the Masonic Orders are pledged in their origin and principle to antagonism against the Papal Church? I am not a Catholic, at least not one that goes to church; but I have occasionally seen THE DOLPHIN, and must confess, its treatment of different religious questions seems to me to appeal to reason in a way which I have rarely found in other Catholic periodicals, such as I see. I do not ask you to explain the action of the Masonic Orders, nor the reason why the Church condemns them, for I understand well enough that absolute secrecy and blind obedience to concealed rulers, who give no reason for their commands, are a dangerous element in any commonwealth, though they may effect accidental good by these very methods. But I merely ask, how came the Freemasons to get their name, and has that name, in its origin, anything to do with opposition to the Catholic Church?

Resp. Albert Pike, a leading Freemason and a writer who is one of the recognized authorities on Masonic matters, answers the above question probably more satisfactorily than we could do. He does not, indeed, account in a very clear manner for the origin

of the word *free* in connection with *masons*, believing that it is a corruption of the French "*Frères Maçons*." The more probable origin, as suggested by Father Coppins, is that derived from the freedom from all taxation which was enjoyed by the old guild of artificers engaged in the building of churches and houses of religion. "In 614 Pope Boniface IV conferred by diploma upon the masonic corporations the exclusive privilege of erecting all religious buildings and monuments, and made them free from all taxations." Other masons were bound to pay taxes; only this guild, known as Freemasons, was exempt. When the faction of the Knights Templar made alliance with the Patriarchs of Constantinople, they adopted the name because their object had been the restoration of the Temple of Jerusalem. Pike states the matter in the following words:

"An enemy of the Templars shall tell us the secret of this Papal hostility against an order that has existed for centuries in despite of its anathemas, and has its sanctuaries and its asyla even in Rome. It will be easy, as we read, to separate the false from the true, the audacious conjectures from the simple facts. In 1118, nine Knights Crusaders, among whom were Geoffroi de St. Omer and Hughes de Payens, consecrated themselves to religion, and took an oath between the hands of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, a see always secretly or openly hostile to that of Rome from the time of Photius.

"The avowed object of the Templars was to protect the Christians who came to visit the holy places; their secret object was the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon on the model prophesied by Ezekiel. This rebuilding, formerly predicted by the judaizing mystics of the earlier ages, had become the secret dream of the Patriarchs of the Orient. The Temple of Solomon, rebuilt and consecrated to the Catholic worship, would become in effect the metropolis of the universe, the East would prevail over the West, and the Patriarchs of Constantinople would possess themselves of the Papal power.

"The Templars, or 'poor fellow-soldiers of the holy house of the Temple intended to be rebuilt,' took as their models, in the Bible, the Warrior Masons of Zorobabel, who worked holding the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Therefore it was that the sword and trowel were the insignia of the Templars, who subsequently, as will be seen, concealed themselves under the title Brethren Masons.

“Thus the order of Knights of the Temple was at its origin devoted to the cause of opposition to the tiara of Rome and the crown of kings. The tendencies and tenets of the Order were enveloped in profound mystery, and it externally professed the most perfect orthodoxy. The chiefs alone knew the aims of the Order; the subalterns followed them without distrust. To acquire influence and wealth, then to intrigue and at need to fight, to establish the Joannite or Gnostic and Kabalistic dogma were the object and means proposed to the initiated brethren. Thus they deceived the adversaries whom they sought to supplant. Hence Freemasonry, vulgarly imagined to have begun with the Dionysian architects or the German stone-workers, covertly proclaimed itself the child of Kabalah and Essenianism together.”

A DEDICATION.

Our earlier readers will remember the beautiful verses entitled *THE DOLPHIN*, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, which were published with appropriate illumination in old missal style in these pages. From the same exquisitely melodious interpreter of Christian symbolism we receive the following verses, appropriate at once to the ecclesiastical season and to the fair theme for which *THE DOLPHIN* stands in Catholic literature.

EDITOR.

AS THE DOLPHIN—

As springs the storied dolphin from the tide,
 (A living jewel from the sea's dark mine !)
 Its vaulting passage thro' the sullen brine,
 A shower of brilliants scatt'ring far and wide—
 So, from the Passion's bleak and bitter tide,
 From out the icy surge of Death's dark sea,
 Our DOLPHIN dear—our Jesus Crucified
 Riseth in all His radiant majesty !

To-day He mocks at Dissolution's deeps,
 He triumphs o'er Corruption's whelming wave :
 And, as He bursts the bonds all deem'd secure,
 He scatters graces o'er a world that sleeps
 In darkness ; dying, glorifies the grave,
 And rising, makes our resurrection sure.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

ANGLICAN GODPARENTS.

In a discussion of "A Case of Anglican Baptism" supposed to be valid we gave in our last number (pp. 218-220) the reasons why Protestants in general cannot be admitted to stand as sponsors at the baptism of Catholic children. Someone asks: But suppose they did stand, are they really sponsors?

We supposed that this question was answered when we assigned the reasons why Protestants could not act as god-parents. They must not only be willing to take the responsibility of training the child in the Catholic faith, and be capable of doing so, but they must have both qualifications simultaneously.

Sponsorship is not an act essentially connected with baptism, but it is simply a voluntary pledge given on occasion of a solemn baptism to secure the newly-baptized in the possession of its heavenly gift. It is a promise in a serious matter and strictly binding. Its conditions are precisely the same as those involved in giving bail or security. It is not enough to have the power: there must be also the will and the external attestation of both. An Anglican who believes himself to be a Catholic may be willing to tutor the child in the true faith, but is not capable because he does not realize the importance of all Catholic doctrine and discipline; of this his very position outside the Church is evidence. Or he may be intellectually capable of tutoring the child and recognizing the truth in the Catholic Church; in that case his lack of conviction and sincerity in not embracing the Catholic faith debars him from that confidence in his fidelity to fulfil his pledge, which the Church requires. He is incapable. This we have already said, and thus explicitly stated that an Anglican can be no sponsor for a Catholic child.

METHODS TO BE OBSERVED IN ORGANIZING NEW RELIGIOUS INSTITUTES.

CHAPTER XIV.

OTHER EXERCISES OF PIETY TO BE PERFORMED IN COMMUNITY.

154.—A certain length of time, generally a half-hour in the morning and another half-hour in the evening, should be set aside, in which the Sisters may apply themselves to the practice

of mental prayer. Some time should likewise be given to spiritual reading from approved books.

155.—The Sisters should make, each year, a spiritual retreat, which should last at least eight days.

156.—They should also devoutly apply themselves to vocal prayer. The choir Sisters are recommended to recite generally the whole, or at least a part, of the little Office of the Blessed Virgin. They are not, however, obliged to this under pain of sin.

157.—The daily recitation of a third part of the rosary either in common, or privately, is also recommended to all the Sisters.

158.—If possible, the Sisters should assist daily at the Sacrifice of the Mass.

159.—There should likewise be a daily examination of conscience.

160.—Care must be taken lest the external exercises of piety performed by the community be unduly multiplied. Neither is it lawful to introduce for public practice devotions not approved by the Church.

161.—Let the Sisters remember that, without the permission of the Apostolic See, they may not preserve the Most Blessed sacraments in their churches; and that without the sanction of their Ordinary, they cannot solemnly expose the same for public veneration.¹

162.—All the Sisters, whatever their degree or function, should attend at an opportune time the common daily exercises of piety; nor should any Sister, whether choir or lay, be granted an exemption from these exercises by the Superioress, except in particular cases and for just reasons.

163.—To those Sisters, whether lay or choir, who are detained by their duties from the community exercises of devotion, the Superioress should allow some suitable opportunity for spiritual reading and prayer, especially mental prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

MORTIFICATION AND PENANCES.

164.—In the Constitutions of Institutes which profess the active life, there are occasionally found certain clauses which

¹ Constitution *Conditæ*, part II, note 3.

expressly declare that the Sisters in the Institute practise no external mortification. Such statements are not commendable and are to be expunged from the Constitutions.

165.—Since moderate corporal penances contribute, under certain circumstances, greatly to the perfection of the religious spirit and the acquisition of virtue, it is expedient that some mortification in addition to those which the Church imposes upon the generality of the faithful, be discreetly prescribed in the Constitutions.

166.—In the performance of ordinary corporal mortifications or penances, to be practised in private, the Sisters are to be regulated entirely by the advice of their confessor; but for external and public penances, the permission of the local Superioress is moreover required.

167.—If the so-called “Chapter of Faults” is practised in the Institute, this Chapter should be held not oftener than once a week, but at least once a month.

168.—The accusation of faults should be limited to external transgressions of the Constitutions.

169.—The penances to be imposed in the “Chapter of Faults,” should be prudently moderated by the spirit of discretion.

CHAPTER XVI.

AIDS TOWARD PRESERVING DISCIPLINE AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE AMONG THE SISTERS.

170.—Institutes of simple vows must observe the enclosure. This enclosure, however, is not strict, but partial, and to be determined by the Constitutions, but in such a way that in all houses a certain portion of the convent be kept reserved exclusively for the Sisters, to which no one else is admitted.

171.—As often as the physician, the confessor, or mechanics who may have business in these parts, enter the enclosure, two Sisters are to accompany them.

172.—It will be the duty of the Bishop to see that this partial enclosure is strictly observed, and to remedy any abuse which may exist in this regard.²

² Const. *Conditæ*, part II, n. 4.

173.—There is to be no special provision made in the Constitutions for introducing male professors either for the Sisters or for their pupils.

174.—As often as the Sisters leave the Convent, for whatever purpose, they should have a companion assigned them by the Superioress.

175.—Even those Sisters who have obtained permission to go to the parlor to receive guests, should ordinarily be accompanied by another Sister appointed for this purpose by the Superioress.

176.—They are sometimes permitted, however, to converse unattended with parents, brothers, or sisters.

177.—At sunset the doors of the convent should be locked, and the keys placed in charge of the Superioress.

178.—If the Confessor or Chaplain dwells in the convent, his apartment should have a separate entrance, and not communicate with that of the apartments of the Sisters.

179.—Letters sent and received by the Sisters should be open to the inspection of the local Superioress. In the exercise of this right of inspection, the Superioress should use prudence and charity, and preserve secrecy.

180.—All letters to be sent by the Sisters to the Superior-General or the Provincial, and her counsellors or assistants, to the Bishop and to the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, as well as letters received from these sources by the Sisters, are exempted from the inspection of the local Superioress.

181.—The diligent observance of silence in the church, oratory, choir, and sacristy, should be prescribed; ordinarily also in the refectory during the time of meals. As far as the character and special end of the Institute permit, silence should be observed in the whole house, especially from a fixed hour in the evening to a similarly fixed hour in the morning.

182.—An edifying book should be read in the refectory at dinner and supper.

(To be continued.)

Criticisms and Notes.

MEMORIES OF A SISTER OF ST. SAVIOUR'S PRIORY. With a Preface by Father Stanton, St. Alban's, Holborn. Oxford and London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. 1903. Pp. ix—451.

Readers who do not mind a somewhat fragmentary literary setting will find much to interest them in this vivid history of the later and more popular phase of the Tractarian movement in work among the London poor. We are inclined, indeed, to think that the anonymous authoress exaggerates when she quotes with approval the *dictum* that the original movement was "an academical speculation, a luxury of culture, an entertainment of colleges and country parsonages, the possession of priests and clerical laymen . . . of scholarly archaeologists and gentlemanly Ritualists," but there is a modicum of truth in it for all that. It needed the sterling quality of men like Lowder at London Docks, Mackonochie and Stanton in the purlieus of Holborn, and of devoted women like Miss Sellon (the foundress, under Dr. Pusey's inspiration, of the first modern Sisterhood in the Church of England) in the slums of Plymouth, Mrs. Monsell, the foundress of the Clewer Sisterhood with its network of good works, the late Mother Superior of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, and the authoress herself, in one of the worst quarters of London, to bring home to the innate Protestantism of the English mind the practical worth of many Catholic truths taught academically by Oxford divines. Men came to see that sacramental teaching, and the practice of the religious state went hand-in-hand with brotherly love for the outcast, the sinful, the suffering, and the destitute, and revered the life even where they rejected the creed that was the inspiration of the life. Catholics owe a deep debt of gratitude to many of the early Ritualists who, while—like Mr. Mackonochie, the first vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn—they strenuously set their faces against conversions, unwittingly were the messengers of the Church. For multitudes through their ministrations learned point after point of Catholic doctrine and practice—the vital relation of the sacramental system to the life of the soul, the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, pardon through the Precious Blood in the tribunal of Penance, veneration of the Saints, and the merit of fasting and of mortification, the virtue of virginity—that they

would never have heard patiently from the lips of Catholic priests. In some cases these guides in the dark themselves obtained the light of a fuller faith. The authoress tells us that she owed her vocation to the religious life, under God, to the influence of the Rev. Henry Collins, to whom she rightly gives the credit of having been the real founder of the mission of St. George's in the East, which afterwards became associated with the name of Mr. Lowder, and mentions with what a feeling of awe—it was, she says, “like visiting a shrine of romance of which the idol was broken”—she made a pilgrimage to the scenes of his labors after he had “turned aside for Rome.” “He became,” she adds, “a Cistercian monk, and years after he came to see me in Haggerston, and asked if he could not consummate what he had begun, and get me to follow him.” We read, too, of the consternation that overcame her when she learnt at Plymouth that the Superioress and the bulk of the community of the mother-house in London followed their chaplain, Mr. Tuke (the founder of a small religious order for men in the Church of England), into the Catholic Church, taking with them the house and property of the Convent, which from that day changed its name from St. Mary's Priory to St. Saviour's Priory.

But even where conversion did not crown the devotion and zeal of the Ritualists, good seed was sown which was bound to ripen into a rich harvest. The methods and principles at work were at bottom derived from Catholic models. It is difficult in parts of the present work not to believe that we are reading the record of a Catholic life. When we hear of the interest aroused in the authoress and her companions by an account of the doings of the Curé d'Ars, and of how profoundly they were impressed by Dr. Neale's *Sermons on the Canticles*, abounding in application to the religious state, and by his *Lives of the Saints* (post-Reformation as well as pre-Reformation), drawn from Catholic sources, we feel that the barrier between such workers and the Catholic Church must be slight indeed. The description of the service of the Veneration of the Cross, taken *verbatim* from the Missal office for Good Friday, is but one instance out of many¹ of the Catholic instinct which all unconsciously proved the inspiration and strength of the holy lives of which the present book affords abundant illustrations. In their patient struggle against the hosts of evil—drink, vice, cruelty, in their myriad forms—these pioneers of

¹ Cf. the references to such peculiarly Catholic saints as S. Francis of Assisi, S. Theresa, and S. Vincent.

Catholic truth fought valiantly in all good faith for a Church which, in spite of her coldness—the attitude of the Anglican bishops of the period seems to have been based on Talleyrand's cynical motto, *Surtout point de zèle*—they verily believed to be the lineal descendant of the Church of Pentecost. They loved her as a mother; her sacraments were to them divine; her authority and jurisdiction unquestioned; and, if they failed to recognize in the Roman Church the rock from whence they were hewn, we must bear in mind the mountains of prejudice, the result of three hundred years' separation, that shut out from their eyes the vision of the beauty, and charitably believe (nay, confidently affirm) that, by virtue of their deeds of charity and lives of faith, they belonged to her soul, although under the bondage of invincible ignorance, outwardly severed from her bodily organization.

The *Memories of a Sister* is not only a fascinating record of strenuous labor for the cause of Christ among the fever-stricken poor of Soho, the rough lads of Plymouth, the families of prize-fighters in Hoxton, the orphans of Haggerston, the "tricolor jersey-bedizened young costers, and the white-aproned, long-fringed girls" of Hackney and Bethnal Green, the tempted and the fallen who abound, alas! in all these districts. It also gives lifelike pictures of more than one celebrated character. Dr. Neale, Dr. Littledale, Canon Prynne of Plymouth, Edmund and John Sedding the architects, Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Dolling, Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac, Mr. Darling of Toronto came into more or less contact with the talented authoress. She gives especially full reminiscences of the first and second of the number. John Mason Neale, a poet, a scholar, a student, seemed a square peg in a round hole when he was instituted Warden of Sackville College, in the heart of the country, to minister there to the few old men and women who formed its inmates. It showed the strength and perseverance of his nature that he was able, under circumstances so unpromising, to inaugurate a work whose ramifications are world-wide. The "College" became the *nucleus* of St. Margaret's Sisterhood whose members to-day nurse the sick, feed the hungry, house the orphans, instruct the ignorant, in regions as far remote from East Grinstead among the wolds of Sussex where the mother-house is situated, as Boston, U.S.A., Ceylon, and South Africa. St. Saviour's Priory, it should be noted, derived its origin from the same faithful source. This Order has continued the literary traditions of its founders. Dr. Neale's translations of the Latin and Greek hymns,

e. g., "Jerusalem the Golden," the long cantos from the "Rhythm on the Heavenly Country" of Bernard of Marlaix, and "Those Eternal Bowers" (τὰς ἔδρας τὰς αἰωνίας) of St. John Damascene, will be known as long as the English language exists, and his *Stories of the Saints* have never been equalled in hagiographical writings for their combination of literary charm and extraordinary vividness, making their subjects live again before the eyes of the reader.

Full justice is done to the versatile talents of the Father of modern Ritualism. The late Dr. R. F. Littledale's learning was enormous, and he had the rare gift of imparting it to others. He was withal a vigorous and brilliant controversialist; although he was usually too caustic to carry conviction to his opponent. *The Church Times*, the organ of Ritualism, was virtually his creation, and it bore for a long time the impress of his paradoxical characteristics—earnest defence of many Catholic doctrines, side by side with virulent abuse of Catholicism as a system. We miss in the writer's review of Dr. Littledale's life any mention of this latter feature. By ignoring it she gives the reader (unwittingly, no doubt) an erroneous impression of him. He was in many respects an Orangeman to the backbone; the Papacy was to him like a red rag to a raging bull. As Dr. Ryder points out, in the preface to his trenchant reply to Littledale's *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*, it was inconceivable to the ordinary mind how the author of such a work could celebrate daily with chasuble and wafer. That, however, he was perfectly sincere it only needs to read the authoress's description of his life, with its background of unobtrusive charity in the midst of almost continual suffering, to be convinced.

A word must be said of the humor which enlivens the descriptions of even the saddest and most sordid sides of life. The good Sister has not allowed the sorrow and sin around her either to sadden her or to make her despair. She echoes Charles Kingsley's words of hope for the hopeless "Let us believe that God will not give them up, any more than He gave up the penitent thief" (p. 373), and that charitable optimism of outlook shows itself in such delightful touches of humor as the long account, on p. 276, of a village Confirmation by an Irish Catholic Bishop, and another of what she terms "the Blokes' Supper."¹

We can promise the reader some hours of genuine pleasure in

¹ Pp. 374 ff.

perusing this graphic history of the external life of a representative of the best type of an Anglican Sister of Mercy. There is not a dull page in it.

THE REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE BIBLE. (Volume 2.) By George Matheson, D.D., LL.D. Ishmael to Daniel. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. xi—551. Price, 6s.

The second series of *Representative Men of the Bible* is a fitting sequel to the first, reviewed on its publication in THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. Dr. Matheson continues his original purpose of presenting a number of vivid sketches of the salient features of the characters of the most prominent personages in Old Testament history. His studies are neither historical nor critical. He contents himself with analyzing the portraits of his subjects as seen by us, without any attempt to discuss how or when they came.

In the selection of his matter he confines himself to those men of the Bible who are representative of humanity as a whole, in that their characters show essential *traits* common to members of every race, and not peculiar to circumstances either of time or of place. Thus Ishmael is taken to represent the type, always admired in Western lands, of the unconventional man; Lot, of the lingerer who falls behind his fellows in the onward march of civilization; Melchisedek is the personification of a righteousness that was the source of his uncanonical priesthood which, we are told, he derived from no earthly authority but “from the power of an endless life”; Balaam of inconsistency, Aaron of vacillation, Boaz of kindness, Gideon of humility, Jonathan of generosity, Jonah of narrowness, Hezekiah of personal devotion, Isaías of philanthropy, Jeremias of melancholy.

Among such a variety of subjects it is only natural that there should be some disproportion in originality and excellence of treatment. The chapters on Ishmael, Lot, Balaam, Jonah and Daniel take high rank for their skilful fastening upon the characteristic note of the life-history of the particular person delineated, and for the practical nature of the lessons that are thence deduced; those on Aaron, Ezekiel, and Isaías must be placed at the other end of the scale; while the remaining chapters occupy a position midway between the two.

Ishmael, the outcast, fittingly forms the subject of the opening chapter. Dr. Matheson does not equal anywhere later in the book his luminous survey of the type of unconventional freedom, the inspi-

ration of originality in invention and of progress in thought and civilization, that is in such striking contrast to the rooted repugnance of the Eastern mind to anything that savors of independence, or of change from the old paths of a thousand years of torpid inaction. "Confucius tells you he is merely a restorer. Lao-tsze tells you he is following the old 'fixed way.' Buddha tells you he is but one of *many* incarnations. China worships her ancestors, India reverences her caste; and with both the reason is the same—the sense that the old is better than the new." Ishmael was essentially an unconventional man, and for that reason he is described under the simile of a wild ass. He was socially ostracised, yet he bravely stood his ground. His figure in Scripture is that of a man outnumbered but unsubdued, fighting against the world for his individual freedom to think and to act. His history is one long record of a struggle for independence. He had nothing but his personal convictions to support him; the spirit of the age was hopelessly at variance with his spirit, but he never faltered when fate seemed most against him and he ended by receiving God's blessing through Hagar and by transmitting an empire to his seed.

From this popular sketch of the pariah who had the boldness to diverge from the traditions of the past, the author deduces the thought of the dignity and responsibilities of moral freedom whereby we can act true to our deepest convictions in spite of manifold opposition. He also lays stress upon a little-remembered incident in Ishmael's life,—his reconciliation with Isaac, his supplanter, at the funeral of Abraham, with its corollary that the presence of death obliterates everything save memories of love.

The following chapter on Lot, the Lingerer, is chiefly remarkable for its attribution of avarice to the Israelites as their besetting sin, corresponding to the pride, voluptuousness, extravagance, that were the respective banes of Rome, Greece, and Babylon. It was the glitter of a great possession that chained Lot to one place and virtually crystallized his activity. His inert character makes a foil to the strenuous missionary zeal of Abraham that made him go forth at the bidding of God into an unknown country. Lot stands still, becoming metaphorically what his wife became physically, a pillar of salt, while Abraham marches abreast with humanity. Lot's avarice was not incompatible with his moral rectitude in business. He is styled "just." The truth is that he occupies morally the same position which he holds socially. He is stationary at a particular point.

Socially, he stands between the barbarians and the cultured ; morally, he is the middle man, the correct man, the just man.

The author here seems to be at the disadvantage of trying to reconcile the Biblical idea of Lot's character with his own notion of it. Justness is hardly so mediocre a virtue as he endeavors to make out. St. Joseph is said to be "a just man," and that is hardly the same as a "middle man" of some respectability. According to Scriptural usage "just" is synonymous with "righteous." When, therefore, Lot is designated "just," it is untrue to fact to prove laboriously that the sacred writer merely means that he is a man who keeps to the level plain of a rectitude that is neither very high nor very low.

Balaam's inconsistency is developed with more than one useful comparison to modern conditions. The spirit of compromise which made him proceed on his journey in spite of the drawn sword of the angel and his ass's refusal to obey him, without, however, any definite promise to bless the children of Israel, exists to-day as a temptation to many a minister whose parochial success is proportionate to the amount of sin in the parish. Balaam's material interest was Israel's sin ; his spiritual interest was Israel's holiness. And this is practically the position of a minister or popular preacher who knows that his income will rise with the increase of sin (the necessary condition of his ministerial or oratorical fame, since he is only deemed successful in proportion as he can give a good report) in his parish. The case of the religious writer who sits down to write a life of Christ from a purely human standpoint only to find that to eliminate the supernatural would be to construct a character doubly supernatural, is shown on similar lines to be analogous to the inconsistent conduct of Balaam who begins by being a naturalist (in Mr. Balfour's sense of the term) and ends by blessing the people of God when he came to curse them.

The narrowness of Jonah's religious outlook in refusing to see the Divine presence in Nineveh, and the daring of Daniel in the three stages of his trial—that of the flesh, of the mind, and of the spirit—promise the occasion for many practical applications.

The weak point of Dr. Matheson's analysis of the characters of Aaron, Ezekiel, and Isaias is that there is not sufficient allowance made for their complexity. He contents himself with selecting a single feature—vacillation in the case of Aaron, individualism in that of Ezekiel, and philanthropy in that of Isaias—which he takes as

typical of the man, and makes other factors fit into his preconceived conception as best they can. It cannot even be said that he is always right in the attribute which he selects as predominant in the particular character portrayed. Philanthropy, for example, is certainly not the chief virtue that one would associate with the fiery prophet Isaias who withstood kings to their face; nor can individualism be fairly taken as more characteristic of Ezekiel than of any other Hebrew prophet. It is, however, invidious to be over-critical where so much is excellent. The preacher or writer on Old Testament subjects will find much useful information and a fund of original thoughts in language as limpid as it is well-chosen in these interesting psychological studies. We would suggest to the author that a companion volume on "Representative *Women* of the Old Testament" would form a welcome addition to homiletic literature of a popular type.

THE POET'S MYSTERY. A Novel. Translated from the Italian of Antonio Fogazzaro by Anita MacMahon. Verses rendered by Algernon Warren. London: Duckworth & Co. Pp. 332.

The romanticism of Antonio Fogazzaro is still comparatively unknown among the reading public of America and England, and *Il Mistero del Poeta*, as Englished by Miss MacMahon, gives a fairly representative expression of the poet-novelist's peculiar genius.

It is the story of a poet's love based upon that subtle sense of affinity which has furnished many writers in modern literature with a pretext for ignoring the claims of domestic duty and conjugal fidelity. In the present case there is no such breach, although the lady to whom the poet is drawn by a strangely mysterious charm is at first supposed by him to be married—a thought which does not deter him from paying her that attention which indicates a secret affection. But he follows the attraction mainly because he recognizes her voice as one that had years before twice called him in a dream, and the fascination of that memory controls his feelings as if it were a destiny having some heavenly sanction. The lady, who acts as companion to an invalid uncle, discourages the poet's overtures, although she likewise feels a secret attraction toward him. It develops in course of time that she is a skeptic in matters of love because her first affection as a young girl had been disappointed; that simply to please her uncle she has engaged herself to a man whom she respects but does not love; and that from this sense of duty she is determined not to swerve. Gradually, however, she yields to the infatuation held out to her by the

young poet who pursues her, and who eventually finds a way frankly to inform of his love the man to whom his heroine is conventionally pledged. The forced engagement is broken off by mutual consent, and a new, more congenial alliance formed between the two lovers. The lady maintains throughout a noble and unselfish attitude despite her feelings, and she thus acts upon the poet who is thoroughly conscious of her refining influence. The two are about to be married, when the man to whom the woman had first given her heart in early youth suddenly appears, making a repentant appeal to be restored to the privilege of his love. The marriage has just been performed in the church, when the thwarted lover, seeing the impossibility of realizing his wish, pursues the newly married pair and threatens to destroy their happiness. The shock overpowers the lady and she dies on the wedding trip in the arms of her husband.

The story purports to be an actual and detailed record of facts, written ten years after the death of the lady, Signora Viola. It is intended to explain to a friend certain actions in the poet's life that might otherwise have been misunderstood, and it reveals the mysterious play of two lovers' hearts.

But the moral of the novel, coming as it does from a Catholic pen and with an implied claim to religious tendency, is what most interests us in this account of the poet's real story. He still lives in the unseen company of Viola, as though she were part of him; and she, by his own confession, exercises a constant influence upon him which arouses the noblest aspirations and controls his motives and actions for good. She is to him what Beatrice was to Dante, his wisdom and his inspiration. Thus there runs through the philosophy of our poet a strain of unselfishness which bears semblance to the self-annihilation of the ascete. "In my hours of greatest mental exaltation the thought of death has always shone before me, but in different forms: in the emotion that an intense feeling for nature has given me, especially when this is mingled with occult bitterness, I have longed for oblivion; in emotion caused by love I have desired a more elevated world, the world of light and life that I felt in my heart, so different from, so superior to all earthly life and light." In the memory of his love he feels life and power; yet not as if his faith in her rested upon any spiritistic communication which calls up phantoms of her presence; nor does he delude himself with the thought that in her spiritual nearness he possesses a charm that makes his attachment exempt him from error or wrong, as is maintained by the principle of the

theosophites. "I still submit to her every thought, word and action of my life, and it is not possible that I shall ever again be in great doubt with regard to my duties toward God and men, so prompt and clear is her counsel, which still bears a personal imprint of her ideas, of her rectitude, of her disdain for all prejudice and human respect." Only the imperfections which she had, and which, though the poet knew them, yet he loved in her,—these have vanished and he can no longer imagine her with them. Her death, too, the poet attributes to the wise providence of God for his own good. "Many times, after her death . . . I have thought that in separating us so quickly, God wished to save me from the blindness of too strong a passion, which would have devoured me entirely, and would have left no place in my heart for any other human creature, or perhaps, even for God Himself."

Yet despite these motives which pervade the story, and the fascinating descriptions which impress the reader with the sense of reality, there is something in it of that vague religious pantheism and the amorous extravagances which characterize the Latin genius of the last century. We should hesitate to put this book into the hands of a young woman or youth, just because it gives perhaps an unconscious, involuntary sanction to those words and actions which are prompted by the heart in its delirium. There is in the frenzy which craves the possession of any human being's affection a selfishness that shows itself in the violation of rights of which we must treat with respect. We may excuse jealousy or degenerate impulse, but we may not justify it. And the impressions left by this book would come very close to reconciling the unguarded conscience to the use of means for satisfying one's affections, which are questionable from the viewpoint of duty; and this all the more when the result appears so worthy of attainment. Thus the good which *Il Mistero del Poeta* would do (if regarded in any other light than that of a record of facts) is minimized by the recital of the *liaisons* before the poet meets his nobler love; and the fact that they may be true does not render their description healthful. And it is for this that we look in a book that claims our attention, a book written by an author who professes Catholic principles.

Apart from this feature, which we would call the educational influence of the story, it cannot be doubted that the work of Fogazzaro will serve to counteract the baneful influence of modern Italian literature as represented by writers of the stamp of D'Annunzio, whose passionate tendencies degrade life and choke those nobler aspirations for which our author stands.

The style of the novel is that of mingled vivacity and pathos. The extravagances of expression already alluded to must of course be attributed as belonging to the Italian genius, and they are thus less a fault in English than a peculiarity which the translator may not feel at liberty to omit or alter. The principal characters are Italian, although the Signora is born in England. The descriptions, particularly of the scenes and incidents in German life, are true to life. The book gains on the reader as he becomes interested in the destiny of Viola which unfolds itself in the poet's narrative. Throughout there is a singular blending of lofty idealism with the commonplaces of daily life, and the well-turned poetic renderings by Algernon Warren give us a good idea of the poetic vein that leads to the heart of the author of this romantic memoir and reflects the sound and thought of Leopardi's verses.

THE THREE HOLY KINGS. An Historical Drama in Five Acts. By Frederic Ebersweiler, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the German by a member of the same Society. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 3—103.

This play, written in blank verse, is based upon St. Matthew's narrative of the Adoration of the Magi. As the Gospel account of this incident in the life of Christ is very brief, great scope is given to the imagination of the dramatist. The action opens in the throne-room of Baltassar's palace, where the three kings meet and whence they set out in quest of the "Child"; it continues at the gate of Jerusalem and within Herod's palace, and concludes at Bethlehem.

The theme is handled—needless to say—in a reverent manner. The Scriptural characters are dealt with from the traditional point of view, and the election of the Gentiles, which is typified in the kings longing for the coming of a spiritual kingdom of God as contrasted with the Jews who were either indifferent to the advent of a Saviour or desired an earthly ruler, is emphasized. The lines have a certain stateliness, and some of the speeches power; nevertheless, if the play were staged, it would be well to shorten a few of the latter, so that the action might not move too slowly.

The translator has done his work well, apart from the occasional straining of language to meet the exigencies of metre. Such a play as *The Three Holy Kings* serves a very excellent purpose. As it is akin to the "Mysteries" of the Middle Ages in plot, it is also related to them in the good which it may accomplish, for it gives the people,

through the medium which has always appealed most strongly to them, a vivid portrayal of Bible events. It is trite to say that the theatre exerts a tremendous influence upon the world—trite, however, because so true. A play dealing with incidents in the life of Christ, written and presented with all the reverence due such a subject, will do something, albeit very little probably, to counteract the effects of the so-called religious plays which theatre-goers have flocked to see of recent years.

ORGANUM COMITANS AD GRADUALE PARVUM ET ORDINARIUM MISSAE. Has partes ex libris liturgicis Ecclesiae transposuit et harmonice ornavit Ludovicus Ebner. Ratisbonae, Romae, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnati: Fridericus Pustet. Pp. 180 et 116.

MANUALE MISSAE ET OFFICIOIUM ESTRATTO DAL LIBER USUALIS E DALLE VARIE PRECES di Solesmes. Rubriche e spiegazioni in Latino. (Notazione gregoriana.) Tournai: Desclée. Lefebvre et Cie.

THE SAME (in modern notation).

SHORT INSTRUCTIONS IN THE ART OF SINGING PLAIN CHANT.

With an appendix containing the Vespers, Psalms, etc., designed for the Use of Catholic Choirs and Schools. By Professor J. Singenberger, K. St. G. Fourth, revised and enlarged edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet & Co.

SHORT GRAMMAR OF PLAIN CHANT for the use of Choirs, Schools, Seminaries and Religious Communities. Revised edition. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. 1901. Pp. 72.

DER LITURGISCHE CHORAL. Von Dr. Benedictus Sauter, O.S.B., Abt v. Emaus in Prag. Freiburg im Breisg., St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1903. Pp. 86.

GESCHICHTE UND WERT DER OFFIZIELLEN CHORALBÜCHER.

Eine Studie von Franz Xav. Haberl. Regensburg, Rom, Neu York und Cincinnati: Frid. Pustet & Co. 1903. Pp. 63.

The above mentioned six works represent three departments of information, supplementing one another, and all illustrating the prescribed method of reform in Church music. The *Organum Comitans* and the *Manuale Missae* are the texts in modern notation of the two forms of Gregorian Music, called the Roman and the Benedictine (Solesmes) schools.

The *Organum Comitans* is an accompaniment, in modern notation, of the liturgical music of the Mass for the entire year. But the

musical text of the edition is not the most perfect, although it had received the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in 1880 for the purpose of promoting the general reform in Church music. If nevertheless we give it here a prominent place, it is simply because, despite the defect noted, it is one of the most helpful manuals directing the choirmaster and organist in the *method* of practically carrying out the liturgical service. It makes the transition from the absolutely reckless musical performances in our churches toward a correct style of chanting comparatively easy; and the Sovereign Pontiff for this reason allows this edition (the *Medicean*, or Roman, or Ratisbon edition as it has been indiscriminately called) to continue where already introduced, until the newer and more perfect form can be adopted. The *Organum Comitans* is the best illustration, though not the most faultless, of what the Holy Father desires to have put in place of the modern musical ramblings of which Professor Stockley gives some examples, from real life, in another part of this number.

The second and especially the third volume (containing the modern notation) at the head of this notice represent a more correct text of the old chants of the Church. They do not make the execution as easy as the above mentioned work; but the use of both manuals will quickly bring the organist to see what is wanted. No doubt we shall soon have as fine and practically helpful textbooks of Solesmes or Benedictine Chant as have been provided by the Pustets in the former "typical" editions which are now to be replaced by the last amended recensions of the *Liber Usualis*.

The two small manuals give the rudimentary instructions as to the manner of reading the choral chant in the Gregorian notation. We add under this head two recent publications by masters of musical reform in Germany, which give a history of the choral service and aid the organist in the gathering of a proper library on the subject, as well as direct him in the use of the liturgical material; and they fit in here as illustration of what is needed.

There is a widespread misapprehension as to the character of Plain Chant regarded in the light of attractive music. People who go to the opera may not understand the words of the Italian or German singers, but they appreciate the melody or the harmony of sounds. They attend a worship of sounds which produce pleasurable emotions; the sense of hearing is engaged in a luxury into which all the feelings are drawn with such art as to dissipate for the moment small care and the sense of sober responsibility.

“ In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.”

To this luxury of the senses we have become accustomed in many of our churches ; it attracts the less devout, just as the bantering sermon or the illustrated lecture, or the military Mass is often made the means to draw the curious in the hope of persuading them to open their hearts that the virtue of generosity toward the cleric who passes the hat for some needy monument may be developed in their half-unwilling souls. But the Church is really not for that ; and the music is meant not for the hearing of melodious sounds, but for the understanding. Those who, as Pope in his *Essay on Criticism* says :

“ . . . to Church repair
Not for the doctrine but the music there,”

ought to find no encouragement on the part of those who organize the service.

The sole purpose of the music in the Church is to interpret the meaning of the liturgical doctrine. That doctrine must before all be made clear, and emphasized in all its details. The people as well as the priest must understand it, and feel its convincing power ; and the medium of interpretation is the chant. Hence it is of first importance that the singers know and understand each detail of the public service ; the sense of the Latin words, of the liturgy which they sing ; the meaning of the ceremonies which their chant accompanies, and the significance of the rubrics which regulate the chant itself. This knowledge furnishes the motive, the animus, or what has been called the “soul” of the chant, and is quite essential to the good rendering of the Church’s music. The singers who wish to make the Gregorian chant expressive and agreeable must *mean* what they sing, must feel it, so to say, in their hearts in such a way that the swell of their voices becomes an appeal to the faithful who hear it.

This makes all melody, all unison or harmony, a subordinate element to the words of the liturgy. The notes merely carry the great lesson, the grand appeal contained in the liturgy, that is, in words which the priest and levites and people pour forth to God. The music of the Church is the conductor of a clearly-expressed thought of praise or petition, such as we find represented in the Psalms. The Psalms were words of joy, exultation, praise, prayer, and thanksgiving, but they were always uttered in musical form with the accompaniment of instruments to guide the simple melodies.

It stands to reason that whilst the liturgical prayers are utterances of the heart, they must, nevertheless, since they are to be expressed in unison, have fixed melodies. These melodies must be simple for the most part, must be of a nature that allows them to be readily appropriated by the faithful, independently of the special gifts of a musical ear or voice. Such are the melodies of plain chant. They are simple, for the most part; their beauty lies not in clever combination of sweet tones succeeding each other; but it is entirely dependent on the sentiment or words of the liturgy uttered in simplicity yet with a feeling and reality that give a uniform and exquisite charm to them. Hence the enthusiasm with which the Sovereign Pontiff and the great masters of music speak of this royal chant of the Church.

But since conformity of utterance and harmony of sentiment constitute the secret charm of the Gregorian music, it must be very clear that the singers cannot produce it properly unless they follow a common guide and interpreter of the musical marks by which the liturgical chant is known and understood. And this is done by such simple instructors as the two small manuals placed at the head of this notice. Professor Singenberger has for many years devoted himself to this field of instruction, and his little book contains all the most essential elements to be taught for the correct chanting of the Vesper Psalms, the "Magnificat," the Responses, Antiphons, and various hymns for Benediction. The Short Grammar of Plain Chant gives all the rudiments for reading the liturgical books.

Let it always be understood, however, that the Gregorian Chant is sure to be a failure and a distraction, unless the singers are taught to feel the meaning of the words. The Church supposes that the chanters are taught this; that with it they are taught reverence, love for the service, so that their voices may simply express the sentiment of the heart guided by the uniform rise and fall of the square notes on the four lines.

Practice alone will keep the voices together, since the notes and marks of the Gregorian Chant have not the same meaning as in modern musical notation, and there is no time indication properly speaking in Gregorian music. The musical service, solemn and popular (that is, reaching the entire congregation), is not left to an exclusive set of performers in the organ gallery; it is part of our common prayer, as in the days of David and Solomon.

The importance of these requisites is fully demonstrated in the two

works of Professor Haberl of Ratisbon and of the Abbot Sauter. Although there are two forms of the Plain Chant which had been authorized in the Church, alike by an ancient sacred tradition and by the express sanction of Leo XIII, as representing the Roman and the Benedictine schools, yet the latter is the more correct and perfect, and has the superior sanction of Pius X. Hence, whilst both are similar in character, and equally suit the solemnity of the divine service, the *Liber Usualis* of the Benedictines is destined to become the authoritative text as soon as is possible.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND CLERGY LIST for the year of our Lord 1904. Containing complete Reports of all Dioceses in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, Great Britain, and Ireland, and the Hierarchies and Statistics of the United States of Mexico, Central America, West Indies, Oceanica, Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, German Empire, Holland and Switzerland. Vol. XVIII, No. 1. Milwaukee: The M. H. Wiltzius Co.

The Catholic Directory (Wiltzius Co., Milwaukee) is as complete as the care of a publisher can make it under present circumstances. It registers a Catholic population close to twelve millions (11,887,317), with fifteen archbishops, eighty-two bishops, 13,267 priests, of whom about one-third belong to Religious Orders. The number of churches attended is 11,186. Children attending the parish schools number 986,088, who, together with those educated in different charitable institutions under Catholic patronage reach an average attendance of 1,736,890.

A new feature of the Directory is the addition of the new dioceses in the Philippine Islands. Accurate statistics are hardly possible, if it were only for the fact that the withdrawal of numerous priests belonging to the Religious Orders is still in progress. The Archdiocese of Manila, established in 1581, over which Archbishop Harty presides, has a Catholic population of 1,800,000 with 219 priests, the majority of whom are Regulars. The Diocese of Cebu, under Bishop Thomas Hendricks, has 166 priests for a population of 1,700,000. Bishop Dougherty has only 7 secular priests out of 110 who administer to 990,000 Catholics. Dr. Rooker, whose diocese is comparatively new, he being the fourth bishop, appears the best equipped of all. The great majority of his priests are seculars, whilst the Lazarist Fathers have a flourishing College and the Sisters of Charity are in charge of the education of the girls. The population of this diocese is about 1,300,000.

CHARACTERISTICS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FATHER FABER.

Arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., Author of "Eucharistic Elevations," "Virgo Praedicanda," etc. London: R. & T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Bros. 1903. Pp. 626.

The attempt to popularize such standard works of Catholic devotional literature as those of Father Faber deserves the highest praise. They have merits which should make them the inseparable companions of the devout reader—solidity, beauty, and high literary value. Although in general it may be doubted whether a really serviceable book can be made by grouping together passages which have been taken from their context and divorced from the thoughts which led up to them and which follow, the present instance is an exception. Father Fitzpatrick has given us a volume which has a certain unity. The unity is one of suggestiveness, but it is real. The volume is divided into four books, in the first of which, "From Bethlehem to Calvary," the reader is invited to contemplate the life of Christ; the second, "The Gospel of the Eucharist," leads him to meditate upon the continuation of that life in the Blessed Eucharist; the third teaches him to model his own life upon that of Jesus, and finally, "The Thought of the Eternal Years," the last book, directs his meditations to the life which is to come.

VIA SALUTIS, or Various Methods of the Exercise of the Way of the Cross.

By Joseph Mueller, O.S.B. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1903.

This little book, printed in large clear type, gives a choice of methods of making the Stations of the Cross, and is sure to satisfy the different tastes of devout persons who are punctilious in using one or other set form of prayers.

Here we have the Stations of the Cross, made up from *The Imitation of Christ*—from the *Hours of the Passion*, by St. Alphonsus—from the liturgical prayers of the Passion Offices—from the traditional method used by the Franciscans—from the Psalms—from the Scriptural Prophecies—Eucharistic Stations, etc.

Indeed many persons will find it helpful to vary the form of making the Way of the Cross from time to time; and when the devotion is made in public this is to be recommended not only with the changes of the ecclesiastical seasons, but because it revives the attention of the faithful which is apt to flag with the repetition of the same words, as is the case with sermons often repeated.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW JERSEY. By the Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, M.R., V.F., Rector of the Church of the Assumption of the B. V. M., Morristown, N. J. Morristown, N. J. 1904. Pp. 695.

On every side there is a steady growth of the providence that aims to make the task of the future historian easy. Although Church history is not quite identical with ecclesiastical chronicles, still the latter furnishes both very essential material for Church history, and furthermore determines the viewpoint from which many facts which admit of diverse interpretation are to be approached, when their influence upon the religious, national, or local culture is to be estimated.

The stately volume before us comprises the presently obtainable data which illustrate the material and spiritual growth of the Catholic Church in the State of New Jersey from the close of the seventeenth century to the present. It deals mainly, of course, with the territory comprised in the present dioceses of Newark and Trenton, but the beginnings from the Colonial period down take in a very much wider range. This, even if it had not been necessary because the early missionary activity commanded as single parishes the territories now ruled over by at least four bishops, would have been desirable so that the reader should obtain a just perspective of the whole.

The first vestiges of Catholicism in the region of New Jersey take us back to the year 1622, and twenty years later we find the saintly Franciscan Father Jogues, who had sought refuge in the East from the Iroquois, hearing confession in that neighborhood. In 1683 Colonel Dongan, afterwards Earl of Limerick, and a Catholic, became Governor of New York. His rule had considerable influence upon the Catholic development in the neighboring district, and it is not often enough remembered that one of his first acts was to summon a provincial assembly in which the people of the colony were given a voice in framing the laws and administration of the government. It was a first "charter of libertys," and gave a freedom of religious worship to the colonists, which had up to then been denied by the bigotry of the Duke of York and the Puritans in other parts. The former had in 1664 established a national church in the sense that everybody, whether he belonged to it or not, was obliged to contribute to its maintenance. The new charter, issued under a Catholic proprietor and promulgated by a Catholic governor, changed all this. It reads: "That no person or persons which professe ffaith in God by Jesus Christ, shall, at any time, be anyways molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion, or matter of

religious concernment, who do not actually disturb the civil peace of the province, but that all and every such person or persons may, from time to time, and at all times, freely have and fully enjoy, his or their judgements or consciences in matters of religions throughout all the province, they behaving themselves peacefully and quietly, and not using this liberty to licentiousness, nor to the civil injury or outward disturbance of others." These things happened properly speaking in the province of New York, but the "Papists" who "began to settle in the colony under the smiles of the Governor" had found their way into Elizabethtown, the capital of East Jersey, where, as well as in Woodbridge, they were visited regularly by Father Thomas Harvey, who had come over from England with Governor Dongan, and by the Jesuit Father Gage who with another priest, Father Henry Harrison and two lay brothers, had settled near Fort James. Thence dates the growth and with it the hardships of the Catholic fold. The story, especially of these earlier days, is wrought with so much that is interesting, even from the purely secular standpoint, that one finds some difficulty in passing over from these chapters to the events "on parade" which necessarily follow as evidences of success and victory after the period of struggle had passed. But we must let the reader pursue his own path through this volume of records.

The book is well written and betokens both literary and critical judgment, whilst now and then there is a glow of exceptional beauty of style. Father Flynn has wisely availed himself of the aid of able collaborators, such as Dr. Charles J. Kelly, of the Providence Diocese, the Revv. George W. Corrigan, Joseph I. Dunn, Dr. Hayes, and Dean Mulligan. The illustrations, which are throughout good and abundant, a feature that lends always greater value to a history of this kind, have been furnished by Mr. Stephen H. Horgan.

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN'S LECTIONARY. Compiled by W. Thornton Parker, M.D., Obl. Sec. O.S.B. Boston, Mass.: Thomas J. Flynn. Pp. 25. Price, 15 cents.

This little brochure is of practical use to those who follow the Scripture readings of the Roman Breviary. This prayer-book of the priest provides for the daily reading and interpretation of some part of Scripture in such a way that, during the course of the year, the entire Bible has practically been read by all those in Sacred Orders, that is to say, those who recite the Canonical Hours. Since Leo XIII has recommended to the laity the practice of reading daily a portion

of the Bible, granting a special indulgence to those who do so, the obvious method suggests itself of following the course outlined by the Church for the liturgical service. The late Marquis of Bute had prepared some manuals with this aim in view, but Dr. Parker is the first among American laymen who has shown active interest in propagating an intelligent appreciation of the liturgy in this field. There are, doubtless, many educated laymen who will show their appreciation of these efforts by adopting the practice suggested.

DAS NEUE TESTAMENT unseres Herrn Jesus Christus. Uebersetzt und erklärt von Augustin Arndt, S.J. Mit Approbation des hl. Apostl. Stuhles; des Bischoefl. Ordinariats und der Ordensobern. Regensburg, Rome, New York and Cincinnati: Frid. Pustet & Co. 1903. Pp. 760.

The Jesuit Father Arndt, well known in ascetical literature, some years ago undertook a revision of the German version of the Old and New Testaments published many years ago by Dr. Allioli. Like Challoner's revision of the Douay Bible, P. Arndt's work is to all intents a wholly new translation, although it is evident that he had Allioli's text before him. The notes also are more copious, entirely independent and in many instances much more to the point, if we may say so without discrediting the very well received commentary of the Augsburg theologian who possessed all the qualifications of an able exegete and Orientalist. The edition is much more handy than the large octavo volumes of the Allioli Bible, and we hail it here not only as a useful adjunct to a German theological library, but as suggesting again the need of a similar version in English which would for once and uniformly settle the vexed question of the superiority of the Catholic version over the various Protestant editions in public use.

THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By William Edward Collins, B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, Chairman of the Church Historical Society. London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. Pp. vii—166.

We have no work such as *The Study of Ecclesiastical History* from a Catholic source. Yet the need of a manual like the present must be keenly felt in our teaching bodies. Its value lies in the practical guidance which it gives, inasmuch as it directs its consultors along the shortest and easiest path consonant with the obtaining of good results. Being written by a man of experience, one who has had the discipline of

the instructor and appreciates the difficulties of the beginner, we find in it that lucid arrangement, that brevity and conciseness which mark the work of the true teacher. Considering the fact that Mr. Collins is not a Catholic, which in the matter of Church history must seem of grave importance, we are glad to record the author's impartiality together with such evidence of critical acumen as would prove that this quality is not the mere fruit of a tolerant disposition.

The chapters are not all of equal merit, however. Those devoted to a discussion of the historical method are especially good, and we regret that the design of the book cramped them into such small compass.

In defining his subject and outlining its scope the author states that it is a common mistake to suppose that ecclesiastical history relates only to one class of facts, those, namely, which pertain to ecclesiastical matters. On the contrary, its subject-matter is history as a whole without other limits than those involved in the viewpoint from which it is regarded. It is impossible to isolate one class of facts and study them alone. The facts of history are intimately co-related and can have no existence apart from one another; they cannot be treated independently, as though each category were complete in itself, without mutilating them and removing them from the sphere of historical study. Ecclesiastical history, then, as defined by the author, is the history, not of one section or element of human life, but of all human life as seen from one particular point of view—it is history regarded as centered in the faith of Christ and summed up in the life of His Church.

Mr. Collins places himself frankly and uncompromisingly on the side of the scientific historians as opposed to the literary school. History is in no sense, he says, a branch of literature; it is a true science, differing from other sciences, indeed, in method and scope and having its own methods of investigation and verification, yet it is as truly scientific as any study can possibly be. The most that he will grant is to allow literature to become the handmaiden of history. His argument to prove his position is carefully constructed, but it does not seem to establish all that is attempted. While the literary historian has undoubtedly done some harm by creating false impressions, nevertheless the so-called "brilliant" writer who is so unsparingly condemned by the advocates of the scientific school has very real merits: he is able to reconstruct the life of a period and to catch its atmosphere and communicate it to his readers in a manner which no history

built upon rigidly scientific lines, from which the regenerating literary touch is banished, can ever hope to do.

Much of the advice in regard to the handling of books and the way to set about one's study seems obvious in the reading, yet it is not so in reality, for only by insistence upon small points will good results be obtained.

The bibliography, which is as complete as circumstances will allow, proclaims the broad-mindedness of the author and evidences how well he has himself profited by the good advice which he offers to others.

In the chapter on "Special Aspects of Study in Ecclesiastical History" Mr. Collins says: "The idea of *development of doctrine* . . . has been in bad repute ever since John Henry Newman endeavored to trace it by purely *a priori* methods to an end which he had already taken for granted." This is a statement the contradiction of which can be supported by much proof.

MANUAL OF CONFIRMATION, containing Instructions and Devotions for Confirmation Classes. In two Parts. By the Rev. P. J. Schmitt, Rector. New, enlarged edition. New York: Joseph Schaefer. 1904. Pp. 206.

This manual was first published about fifteen years ago, but we believe that, if properly known, it will be much more in demand now than it was at that time. It not only gives a thorough and clear exposition of the Catholic doctrine of Confirmation, its institution, nature, effects, ceremonies, and obligations, but also a practical method of making the gifts of the Holy Ghost communicated in this Sacrament thoroughly appreciated. For a course of instructions both to children and to grown people on the subject, it is one of the best guides we have in the English language. Besides this, the devotional part is replete with material suggestive for exhortations, sermons, and spiritual exercises, in honor of the Holy Ghost.

CATHOLIC LONDON MISSIONS. From the Reformation to the Year 1850. By Johanna H. Harting. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder; London: Sands & Co. Pp. v-270.

A quaint historical interest clings about the old chapels of the London Catholic missions. About them are grouped many of the stirring events which occurred in the days of the penal laws. Their very situation and architecture are eloquent of the times in which they

were built. They were placed in some side-street where they would be least likely to catch the eye of a passer-by and were constructed as closely as possible according to the manner of the surrounding buildings, resembling exteriorly a warehouse or even sometimes a barn. Here the faithful few who had clung to the old religion and the Catholic foreigners who were living in London worshipped in fear of their lives, knowing that if they were detected they would be treated as felons.

Having such material to work upon it is not to be wondered at that the author of *Catholic London Missions* has made an interesting book. Taking up each chapel in turn she has outlined its history down to a comparatively recent date, interspersing the narrative with many pictures of the priests who ministered to the fugitive flocks who made up the London missions, and including some entertaining anecdotes. Besides the narrative of the mission chapels, an account of the Chapels Royal and Embassy Chapels is also given, because "when the missions were few and far apart these supplied their place and kept the faith alive, where else it had been extinguished through lack of priestly ministrations."

Some might be inclined to object to the fragmentary manner in which the book is written—the great number of quotations which are given being bound together in many places by a mere thread of text. Where so much of real benefit is accomplished, however, the fact of finding only a chronicle where fuller historical treatment might have been expected, is easily excused. Moreover, the difficulty of the subject should be considered, as the sources of information are scanty and gathered only at the cost of great industry.

One of the facts with which the reader will be most strongly impressed after a perusal of this book is the wonderful change that has come over England in regard to the Catholic religion within comparatively a few years.

Father George Tyrrell, S.J., has contributed the preface.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. Anonymous. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

Elizabeth of the "German Garden," accompanied by her silent maid, Gertrude, drives around the island of Rügen by way of summer amusement, discovering many lovely views and some amazing kitchens and bedrooms in the inns, and many amusing human creatures, among them the pompous wife of an English bishop and her son, and Elizabeth's cousin Charlotte, a strenuous woman, and her absent-minded, scholarly husband, from whom she has separated herself. The affairs of this pair dispute possession of Elizabeth's mind with the scenery during the latter half of the book, and they are discussed with blended common sense and humor. The book is agreeable, and as new in its manner as in its subject, not being a mere continuation of a former book.

American Prisoner: Eden Philpotts. *Macmillan.* \$1.50.

The American is a sailor captured during the War of 1812, and sent to the prison in Dartmoor; he falls in love with the daughter of a gentleman-farmer, who intends that she shall marry a smiling villain with money. A multitude of details complicate the story, of which the best parts are those describing the life of the prisoners and their attempts to escape. All the English characters are more or less eccentric, and there is no lack of incident, but the air of reality is lacking whenever the author departs from historical truth.

Close of the Day: Frank H. Spearman. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

An artistic story, very sad in spite of the gayety and humor of many scenes, showing the pitiful decline of a worldling guilty of nothing worse than prodigality in

entertaining, but living with no high motives. When the inducement to energy comes into his life, it is too late, and he has strength for nothing but to die in such a way as to pain his friends as little as possible.

Deliverance: Ellen Glasgow.
Doubleday. \$1.50.

This novel is written to show the slavery in which hatred, even when well founded, holds the human soul. Its characters have much individuality, and are effectively grouped, and the thread of events is well spun. The scene is in Virginia twenty years after the war, and Virginian social usages constitute the main interest of the story.

Elizabeth's Children: Anonymous.
Lane. \$1.50.

The three children of a French father and an English mother are sent to spend some months with an English bachelor, whose household peace they destroy and whose courtship they bring to a happy ending. Their behavior varies but little from the model of *Helen's Babies*, and the author resorts to repetition in order to fill space; but the book is innocent, although the children belong to Elizabeth of the "Letters."

Geographic Influences in American History: Albert P. Brigham.
Ginn.

A brief description of the effect produced by the physical formation of the United States upon the various colonists holding it from time to time, and upon their relations to one another, supple-

mented by an account of the work done in the cabinet departments.

Hemming the Adventurer: Theodore Roberts. *Page.* \$1.50.

An English officer is forced to leave his regiment by sudden loss of means brought about by backing a dishonest brother-officer who shows his gratitude by blackening the hero's character. He becomes a newspaper correspondent, and after winning some reputation is restored to competence. The book has pleasant passages, but lacks form.

Henderson: Rose E. Young.
Houghton. \$1.50.

A young surgeon, entering a town in which he hopes to find practice, meets an attractive young woman and does not know that she is married until he loves her. His performance of surgical operations upon her husband, and his attendance upon her in typhoid fever, are minutely described. The husband's arm has to be amputated, and he rejoices when an opportunity to save the life of his wife and his friend at the expense of his own gives him a chance of escape from the world. Two years later the survivors are married. The spirit of the book is entirely materialistic, but in conduct the wife and the surgeon are blameless, and the author gives a perfect sketch of the modern quack with a medicine factory and using all the new discoveries as material for advertising.

Her Infinite Variety: Brand Whitlock. *Bobbs.* \$1.50.

A charming sketch of the troubles of a young Illinois sena-

tor, whom a female lawyer playing lobbyist for a female suffrage resolution, persuades to make a speech on her side. A friend of his mother brings seven other women, one of them his betrothed, to the capital to oppose the measure, and succeeds in bringing about his absence when it comes up for reconsideration. The title refers to the moods of his betrothed. The book has twelve amusing pictures by Mr. H. C. Christy, and is an exceedingly agreeable trifle.

Japanese Physical Training: H. Irving Hancock. *Putnam.* \$1.50.

Japanese wrestling is here, for the first time, thoroughly explained, and illustrated by photographs, and to the chapters describing it others are added showing the methods by which the Japanese cultivate their muscles, both in joint or in solitary practice, without the use of apparatus.

Joan of the Alley: Frederick O. Burtlett. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

The heroine, an ignorant factory girl, having heard of Joan of Arc, conceives a wish to be like her, having no conception of her except as a picturesque leader of men. She endeavors to lead a strike and follows her own feminine sweet will to such an extent that she embroils the employers and employed even more furiously, brings assault upon her lover, death to her best friend, crime to her brother, discomfiture to the labor leader and unhappiness to a rather good man. Then she marries her lover and lives in com-

fortable forgetfulness. Most of the characters are Catholic in their ejaculations, but otherwise quite heathenish, and the heroine has as much humanity as a tigress; although the author seems quite complacent in regard to her.

Little Garrison: Lieutenant Bilse. *Stokes.* \$1.50.

The high treason of which the author of this novel was adjudged guilty might very well have been his bad taste in choosing to describe a regiment in which all the officers but one have ridiculously ugly or vicious wives, and all the officers but one are more or less deformed besides being either scoundrels, gamblers or thieves. The weakness of the German military system, the purely idiotic code of honor now in operation, has been better treated by Dorothea Gerard, and the incidents in this story are deprived of effectiveness by the author's patent spitefulness.

Lux Crucis: Samuel M. Gardenhire. *Harpers.* \$1.50.

Nero, lions, tigers, and panthers of a size suitable to be cloven in two at one stroke, gladiators of sorts, noble Romans converted as by magic, Berenice and Herod, with St. Peter and St. Paul introduced by way of attraction for the innocent pious, combine with descriptions of indecency and some amazing anachronisms to make a story of which the title is unaccountable. A fragrant cup of tea adorns one chapter.

My Friend Prospero: Henry Harland. *McClure.* \$1.50.

The author's well-known

amiable gentleman and charming lady, attended by the inevitable ancient dame of more than youthful fascinations, meet in the customary Italian garden, love and woo and are wooed without knowing one another's names, and are amazed by the discovery that they are as well adapted socially and financially as by preference. An impossibly sweet and quaint Italian child plays the part of general manager of affairs, and the story is agreeable if not precisely novel.

Oligarchy of Venice: George B. McClellan. *Houghton*. \$1.25 net.

This account is not much more than an outline, but it is so judiciously arranged and so clearly written that it will be found very useful. The author makes but few comments, but closes with a summary that seems to hold a moral for any small body of men in domination over a city.

Petronilla Heroen: Una L. Silberrad. *Doubleday*. \$1.50.

The heroine loves a misshapen woodman whom she meets by chance, and, when she comes into a considerable fortune, seeks to marry him, but is long thwarted by his cousin of whose guilt as a murderer she holds proof. The cousin is at last killed while trying to assassinate her, and the description of his death and certain passages of rustic conversation are the best things in the book.

Russian Advance: Albert J. Beveridge. *Harper*. \$1.50.

The author minimizes the element of acquisitive attention in

the Russian advance, and praises the Muscovite at the expense of the Asiatic. The book is a fair antidote for certain Russomaniac productions, but it is hardly more just in its inferences and conclusions. Its author travelled with letters from the Russian authorities and saw many things not noted by the average tourist.

Said the Fisherman: Marmaduke Pickthall. *McClure*. \$1.50.

Said is an entirely conscienceless brute who makes his way upward by lying and thieving, and is robbed and ruined by the missionary's daughter whom he has compelled to become his wife, neglecting his first Mohammedan spouse for her sake. The author is entirely impartial in his views of Turk and Christian, and the book is far from being pious, but it gives a fair view of the possibilities of life in a Mohammedan land, in which Christians are "tolerated."

Sevastopol: Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Ayliner Maude. *Funk*. \$1.50.

This first volume of a new edition of Count Tolstoy has a preface in which the author is offered as a species of substitute for the religion, which it says that science has displaced. The translation is much better than the average, but the spirit of the preface is mischievous in the extreme, although the translators appear to be perfectly sincere.

Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory: Oscar P. Austin. *Appleton*. \$1.50.

A very good account of the

acquisitions, first of England for the colonies, and then of the States for themselves of the territory now called the United States. The author is master of the art of brevity, and the book is valuable for reference.

Sylvia's Husband: Mrs. Burton Harrison. *Appleton.* \$1.50.

A woman makes a mercenary marriage just before the man whom she really loves steps into a fortune and a baronetcy, and she persists in behaving as if she still held a species of claim on his allegiance, making much mischief between him and Sylvia, whom he marries. The narrative lacks ease and reads as if transcribed from a play.

Tangledom: Charles Rollin [Ballard. *De Wolfe.* \$0.75.

A collection of original charades and enigmas displaying no slight ingenuity, and sufficiently difficult to amuse adults.

Violett: Baroness von Hutten. *Houghton.* \$1.50.

The keeper of an island light murders his little niece that his son may have her fortune, and the boy grows up, cut off from his kind by his father's sin and utterly lonely. He is of an intensely musical temperament and, obtaining a little instruction, finds some happiness in his art, but neither love nor friendship abides with him long, and at the very moment when the possibility of a happy solitary life lies before him, he saves the lives of the woman and man who have deceived him, and dies in their stead. The style

is graceful, and the description of the boy's lonely pastimes is very touching.

Web: Frederick Trevor. *McClure.* \$1.50.

An honest young lawyer is opposed to three who are utterly unscrupulous, their contention being over a company which a client of the three wishes to ruin and then to appropriate. The devices to delay the course of litigation are many and unscrupulous, and unsuccessful only because the plots of the partners become entangled. The love story is very well blended with the tale of the law's delays, and the book is highly entertaining. All the characters are Protestant, and one divorces her husband when he makes himself imbecile with morphine and marries again, and although she suffers severely in consequence, the author has no intention of making her suffering punitive.

Whip Hand: Samuel Merwin. *McClure.* \$1.50.

A combination of lumber dealers attempts to force an honest dealer into bankruptcy by luring away his steamboat hands, then by underselling him, and then by setting fire to his yards. His foreman retaliates by engaging their men to fill the vacancies, and by buying their lumber at prices ruinous to them, and he thwarts their last measure by forming the men of the lumber yard into a fire brigade, and gives his employer the "whip hand" in the lumber trade.

Literary Chat.

Among the publications issued by the Catholic Truth Society of England, there is a *Church Music Series*. It comprises Manuals and Masses written in modern notation, and following in parts the Ratisbon and the Benedictine text-notation. Among the Manuals which may be specially mentioned, in addition to those noticed among our regular Book Reviews, we wish to direct attention to a *Hand-book of Rules for Singing and Phrasing Plain Song*, by the Benedictines of Stanbrook (London: Art and Book Company). A list of Masses is mentioned in the article on "Pius X and the Reform in Church Music," which will be completed in the next number of THE DOLPHIN.

At last somebody has discovered a medical cure for "the blues," which is likely to affect the trade in liver pills. Professor Albert Abrams, A.M., M.D., F.R.M.S., has just published a volume (E. B. Treat & Co.) under the title, *The Blues (Splanchnic Neurasthenia); Causes and Cure*. The eminent California specialist maintains that the common cases of mental depression which physicians and laymen have hitherto recognized as in some way obscurely connected with digestion and metabolism, are in reality due to "a lack of development of the abdominal muscles, particularly in sedentary persons." Lack of exercise of these muscles, or the fact that the abdomens are kept in splints, leads to congestion of the blood in the abdominal veins, with a consequent deficiency of blood in other centres, such as the brain, where it is most needed. The book is illustrated, 250 pages, and will be good to read after Lent, when the "blues" are no longer in fashion.

The question as to the relative merit of the musical texts found respectively in the Ratisbon and the Solesmes liturgical books, may derive additional light through the scientific discussion by the various representatives of ecclesiastical studies who will assemble in Rome during the present and following months for the celebration of the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory. Pius X evidently insists upon the introduction of the *Liber Usualis*, used for centuries in the old Benedictine monasteries, and restored mainly through the efforts of the Solesmes Benedictines. The Ratisbon edition of the Gregorian Chant, although now without any sanction, is the one that has been the general norm, especially in German circles, for promoting the reform of Church music during the last quarter century. Of it we possess, to say the least, a large and comprehensive literature, ready for practical use, which cannot be said of the Solesmes editions, although these are being constantly improved and popularized. At all events, the two schools differ simply in accuracy of the musical text, and are equally calculated to banish what is trivial, unbecoming, and worldly from the Catholic liturgical service. The history of Catholic controversy warns us, however, that the zealots, forgetting this main purpose of the reform, will now rise to decry the Ratisbon school. This would be unfortunate, so long as it has still the right of existence until the more perfect mode of the ancient and corrected text can be introduced.

Dr. Hudson-Makuen, Professor of Defects of Speech at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital, writes in *The International Medical Magazine* for December on

"What shall we do with the Stammerer?" He argues that stammering is not to be cured by oral exercise generally adopted by advertising institutions, but that it is a functional disease of the nervous system which requires medical treatment such as is usually applied to various forms of neurosis. He promises to tell in a second article what the general practitioner may do for the stammerer. The subject is of interest to speakers and teachers.

The exiled French Benedictines, who have taken refuge in England, are preparing a series of new editions of the Gregorian Chant texts, to be published by Desclée, Lefebvre & Co., in Tournai, Rome and Paris. The ancient music as restored by Solesmes monks is carried out in the monasteries of Farnborough, Hants, and at Appuldurcombe, Isle of Wight, where the French emigrants have now settled.

In connection with the discussion on Gregorian Music it is interesting to note that Professor Haberl, the veteran leader of musical reform in the Church, pledges his thorough coöperation with the efforts of the Pope, and the adherence of the Cecilian Society which has innumerable affiliations throughout the world, to the principles and instructions laid down in the *Motu proprio*, of November 22, 1903. He quietly awaits the directions of the Bishops of the dioceses in which there are members of the Society, in regard to the official Gregorian books and the singing of people at liturgical offices. "We have from the beginning inscribed on our banner obedience to the Supreme Head of the Church—in whatever way the new regulations of the Pope may be carried out and communicated to us, the members of the Society will—please God and St. Cecilia—be obedient and remain obedient." That is noble language from the Ratisbon chief who has spent his life in the cause of true reform, against much and prolonged opposition, by procuring the uniform editions of the Pustets which he may now see supplanted by the Solesmes text as the more ancient and perfect of the two.

Canon O'Hanlon's *Lives of the Irish Saints* will, we trust, be completed by the same industrious and intelligent hand that began the work more than thirty years ago. "October" is nearly completed, and some twenty *fasciculi* are yet required to bring out the remaining material to the end of December.

Students of the Spanish Inquisition will find fresh historical material in the new work by the Marquis of Bute, entitled the *Inquisition in the Canary Islands* (Blackwood). The old Marquis was an industrious critic, and had gathered valuable MSS. from all sources which might throw light upon Church administration in earlier times. The Canary Islands have been under Spanish dominion since the beginning of the fifteenth century. The native Guanches made a long and stubborn resistance to the civilization and faith of their conquerors, and it is with this element that the Inquisition had in large measure to deal. Few countries show more plainly the beneficent influence of Spanish rule than do these islands in point of industry, morals, and the education of the inhabitants. The population of the three main isles of Gran Canaria, Fuerteventura, and Lanzarote, aggregates less than one hundred thousand. The missionary report of 1890 stated that these were nearly all Catholics, there being only some sixty Protestants and seven Jews in the country at that time. We notice,

however, from the recent report of Beach's Missions that there are now two British societies established for Protestant sailors.

By the Good Sainte Anne is the title of a novel, announced for next month, from the pen of Anna Chapin Ray, which promises to be of interest to Catholics familiar with the shrine of Beau Pré at Quebec.

Stephenson Browne, the Boston literary correspondent of the *New York Times*, gives us the following bit of news in the *New York Times* (Saturday Review of Books), concerning Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's work in the field of his favorite *Franciscalia*: "The growing interest in Franciscan literature will undoubtedly be stimulated by the publication of Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's English translation of the first critical edition of *The Writings of St. Francis*. This important work is issued by the Franciscan Fathers of Quarachi, who published the *Analecta Franciscana* in three volumes, and also the eleven-volume edition of *Saint Buonaventura*. The Fathers have their own printing-press, and carry on their work in the antique fashion, which is the only one known to them. The 'critical edition' has all the learned apparatus so delightful to ecclesiastics, and this will be preserved in the English version. Mr. Carmichael is writing a volume of Franciscan studies, entirely serious affairs, concealing no gentle jest like the pretended biography with which he made his first appearance in English letters."

Messrs. Cadieux et Derome have reëstablished their firm in Montreal, and with it that excellent monthly organ for propagating healthy reading in the French language which went by the name of *Le Propagateur des bons livres*. The magazine deserves the support of American Catholics who stand in need of French literature (and these must be quite numerous in the States). They will run no risk in their transactions with a firm that makes fidelity to God and the ancient Church the main criterion of its undertakings in the publishing field. *Le Propagateur* does not simply advertise good books; it also inculcates and seeks to disseminate right views on subjects of religion, virtue, and Christian culture in general.

The January number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* contains a letter from Mr. W. F. Sands upon the condition of missionary affairs in Korea. Mr. Sands, who is an American, but now a resident of Korea, gives the causes for the religious disturbances which occur so frequently in that country. The letter has a certain timeliness, inasmuch as the eyes of the world are just at present turned to the Far East.

A certain class of critics of language is accustomed to befool the question of the correctness of current usage by showing that many words, now fully accepted, were at first rejected with scorn, inferring thence that it is an error to object to any new word, no matter how vicious. A serious historian writes of the "jingo party" in the Venetian republic; a critic of literature substitutes "disgruntled" for "offended;" a writer on the Greek drama uses "finds" as a noun, "spells" for "moments," a "bit" for a "little," or for "somewhat"; speaks of a vessel as "keeling over," writes "multiple" for "multiplex," and "tongue-lashing" for "scolding." Again, "a boon and a blessing" and "do the rest" are used as unblushingly as if they were fragments of Shakspeare instead of being the threadbare tags of advertisements.

There is a large group of authors to whom the use of "don't" and "can't" in a piece of serious writing presents itself as brilliant vivacity, and there is a still larger group, led by Mr. Howells, that writes "how" for "that." "He said how he was going to die," coming from the pens of these writers, does not mean that the speaker verbally chose between typhoid and all other possible fatal diseases, but that he prophesied his death. "How" for "what" is as displeasing now as it was when Dr. Holmes denounced it, but "how" for "that," written by an educated man, indicates a lack of critical sensitiveness far more lamentable than the rustic error. "How" has a plain, definite meaning of its own, and to substitute it for "that" invariably changes the meaning of a sentence. Is it an error to object to its misuse?

A significant change is perceptible in the branch of fiction concerning itself with the relations of capital and labor, and also in that which treats of the conflict between the syndicate, or the trust and the small capitalist. In almost every novel, written upon these themes, the honest hero is faced by open attempts to bribe him to dishonesty; in *Henderson*, the hero, a doctor, is exhorted to sell his professional honor, and to become a quack, and in *The Web* lawyers aid the legitimate tactics of their profession by bringing suspicion of murder upon the opposing counsel, and offer to withdraw a private, unrighteous action against a friend of his, if he will retire from the case. In *Joan of the Alley*, the apparently spontaneous strike begins in a labor leader's greed, and is ended by a ward boss's devices. If the American novelists know their country, personal honesty is, at this moment, the rarest of all private virtues, and the most difficult to practise.

Books Received.

THEOLOGY AND ASCETICA.

DAS NEUE TESTAMENT unseres Herrn Jesus Christus. Übersetzt und erklärt von Augustin Arndt, S.J. Mit Approbation des Heiligen Apostolischen Stuhles, des Bischöfl. Ordinariats und der Ordensobern. 1903. Regensburg, Rom, New York, und Cincinnati: Friedrich Pustet. Pp. 760. Price, \$0.80 *net*.

JESUS CHRIST THE WORD INCARNATE. Considerations gathered from the Works of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas. By Roger Freddi, S.J. Translated from the Italian by F. J. Sullivan, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. xi—406. Price, \$1.25 *net*.

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Thomas Haermen à Kempis, Canon Regular of the Order of St. Augustine. Translated from the text of the edition of Michael Joseph Pohl, Ph.D., Director of the Royal Gymnasium at Kempen, by W. Duthoit, D. C. L. of Exeter College, Oxford; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; late of H. M.'s Bengal Civil Service. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder; London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 1904. Pp. xii—330. Price, \$1.35 *net*.

THE REAL ST. FRANCIS ASSISI. By Fr. Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Reported from *The Catholic Mind*. 1904.

L'EXÉGÈSE DE M. LOISY. Les Doctrines. Les Procédés. Par Pierre Bouvier, prêtre. Une brochure in—18 Jésus. Nouvelle édition, considérablement augmentée. Paris: Victor Retaux, 82, rue Bonaparte. 1904. Prix, 0 fr. 75.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS. Compiled by William Thornton Parker, M.D., Oblate O.S.B. Northampton, Mass. 1903. Pp. 19.

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. By Rev. William Stang, D.D. Third Edition. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1903. Pp. 336.

LE PROPAGATEUR. Bulletin Mensuel du Clergé et des familles. Paraissant le 15 de chaque mois. Directeur: L. J. A. Derome. Abonnement 50 centins. Administration: La Cie Cadieux et Derome, 1666 Rue Notre Dame, Montreal, Can.

CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, and Clergy List for the Year of our Lord 1904. Containing Complete Reports of all Dioceses in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland, and the Hierarchies and Statistics of the United States of Mexico, Central America, West Indies, Oceanica, Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, German Empire, Holland, and Switzerland. Vol. XVIII. No. 1. Milwaukee, Wis.: The M. H. Wiltzius Company. 1904.

THE DIVINE ARMORY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE. By Rev. Kenelm Vaughan. Second Revised American Edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 928. Price, \$2.00.

MANUAL OF CONFIRMATION. Containing Instructions and Devotions for Confirmation Classes. In two parts. By the Rev. P. J. Schmitt. New enlarged edition. New York: Joseph Schaefer. 1904. Pp. xii—206.

LITURGICAL.

A SHORT GRAMMAR OF PLAIN CHANT, for the use of Choirs, Schools, Seminaries, and Religious Communities. Revised edition. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co. 1901. Pp. 72. Price, \$0.25 *net*.

MANUAL OF PONTIFICAL CEREMONIES. By P. Francis Mershman, O.S.B. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. Pp. 275. Price \$0.90 *net*.

SHORT INSTRUCTION IN THE ART OF SINGING PLAIN CHANT. With an Appendix containing all Vesper Psalms and the "Magnificat," the Responses for Vespers, the Antiphons of the B.V.M., and various Hymns for Benediction. Designed for the use of Catholic Choirs and Schools. By J. Singenberger, Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, Prof. of Music, President of the American St. Caecilia Society, Editor and Publisher of the "Caecilia." Fourth revised and enlarged edition. New York and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet and Co. Pp. 97. Price, \$0.25 *net*.

MUSICAL GUIDE FOR REQUIEM MASSES. For the use of priest, organist, and choir. By W. P. Schilling, Organist and Choirmaster, St. Peter's Cathedral, Scranton, Pa. Scranton, Pa.: W. P. Schilling.

EDUCATIONAL.

BOSQUEJO DE UN DICCIONARIO TÉCNICO de Filosofía y Teología Musulmanas. Por Miguel Asín Palacios. Catedrático de Lengua Árabe en la Universidad Central. Zaragoza: Mariano Escar, Tipografo. Calle de San Miguel, 12. 1903. Pp. 41.

KUNSTLEHRE IN FÜNF TEILEN. Von Gerhard Gietmann, S.J., und Johannes Sörensen, S.J. Fünfter Teil (Schluss). Ästhetik der Baukunst. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung; Wien, Strassburg, München, und St. Louis, Mo. Pp. viii—390. Price, \$2.35 *net*.

LES PRÉDICATEURS DE LA SCÈNE. Par François Veuillot. Un Vol. in—18 jésus. Paris: Victor Retaux, 82, rue Bonaparte. 1904. Prix, 3 fr. 50.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION for the Year 1902. Volume II. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1903. Pp. vii—2447.

BELLES-LETTRES.

VIA DOLOROSA. By a North Country Curate. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder; London: Sands & Co. 1904. Pp. vi—403. Price, \$1.35 *net*.

WANTED—A SITUATION, and other Stories. By Isabel Nixon Whiteley, author of the *Falcon of Langèac*, *For the French Lilies*, etc. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 191.

THE THREE HOLY KINGS. An Historical Drama in Five Acts. By Frederic Ebersweiler, S.J. Translated from the German by a Member of the same Society. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1904. Pp. 103. Price, \$0.50 *net*.

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